



御影瑛路

イラスト◎えいひ



僕らは魔法少女の中  
in  
a magic girl's  
garden

# Color Illustrations

Note: Renkouji Zakoneko's name was misread at the time of the making of these images. Their name is actually Renkoujiza Koneko. This error has been attributed to "they have a silly name."

Note 2: Bomb Hornet's name was also misread. Their name is actually Bomb Honig.

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The class register doesn't fit on the page very well, so the link to the full size is . You can also click on the images directly to see the full size versions.



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"Now, let's kill her!"

## Seto Lilly

Takeya's classmate, a brave girl who is always worrying about him. Her feelings for him go beyond friendship.

## Minazuki Takeya

A boy with the charisma required to assume leadership of the class. Trying to kill the magical girl to save the one he loves more than all, Ijuuin Reika.



An anime-style illustration of a young woman with long, flowing purple hair and a yellow headband. She is wearing a light blue school uniform with a yellow tie and a pleated purple skirt. She is looking upwards and to the right with a gentle expression. The background features a blue and white checkered pattern on the right and a light blue, ethereal, cloud-like shape on the left. The overall color palette is cool, dominated by blues and purples.

## Kishinami Zan

Takeya's classmate.  
He has a cynical  
personality, but he  
understands Takeya  
well and holds his  
own noble beliefs.

## Ijuuin Reika

A kind-hearted girl  
bringing peace to the  
inescapable prison  
that is Sorakara Farm.  
The one who Takeya  
loves. Has been chosen  
as a sacrifice to the  
magical girl.

*"I'm already giving you  
everything I can."*









1

Since the beginning of the HumanYield thirteen years ago, an extremely small number of girls aged between 10 and 16 gained the power to become magical girls.

2

The number of girls possessing this power has been slowly but steadily increasing.

3

When they are in magical girl form they do not age and are immortal. Their appearance is fixed between 10 and 16 years old and does not progress.

4

This form also comes with massive increases in power and ability to approximately seven times that of a human.

5

Any part of a magical girl that is destroyed will regenerate almost instantaneously. Even if, hypothetically, they were to be blown up and reduced to pieces, they would be able to recover in approximately one minute.

6

The only thing that can kill a magical girl is another magical girl's attacks. This is equally true whether they are transformed or untransformed.

7

There is no method by which a magicless human can physically defeat a magical girl.

8

Magical girls maintain these powers through consuming humans.

# What is a magical girl?




An anime-style illustration of a young girl with short, wavy purple hair and large, expressive green eyes. She is wearing a black gothic lolita dress with a high collar, ruffles, and a large blue flower brooch on the chest. Her hair is styled in pigtails with blue bows. She is holding a large, glowing blue fan. The background is a dark, industrial setting with a large window showing a bright, hazy sky. Several blue butterflies are flying around her. A hand with a chain is visible on the right side of the frame.

# Magical Girl Bomb Hornet

One of the magical  
girls that visited  
Sorakara Farm.  
Wears blue/black  
gothic lolita  
clothing.





*"For demons, the wage  
of sin is death.  
This will be the execution  
of Minazuki Takeya."*

## Onizaki Reki

Occupies the highest authority in Sorakara Farm, the student council president. He prizes order and in all things hands down broad judgements. He is also known as "the strongest human."





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# What is a magical girl?



# Section 0

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## ***EPISODE 1***

### **Section 0**

“Thank god we got away from that class again!”

Without thinking, Minazuki Takeya responded to his classmate Himezaki Yuzuki’s inconsiderate shrill voice with a furious glare. He held back his anger by clenching his fists.

But how could he blame her? While he didn’t go as far as to actually say it out loud, was he not feeling the exact same feeling of relief as her? Despite the fact that they knew that there are people being sacrificed? Just happy that those human sacrifices are not them or their close ones?

All of Class 18 were gathered in a science classroom. There were no chemicals or lab equipment left, just containers of clouded up formalin. It has lost all function as a science room.

The old and cracked blackboard was so black, it was almost as if despair itself was covering it. Something was written right in the centre. It was written humbly in small lettering but it stood out by virtue of being the only thing there.

It was a name.

Ijuuin Reika

The name of the person who had taken care of Takeya when he first took refuge in Sorakara City—after he had lost his parents—even though they were only one year apart.

A person who is nicer than anyone else. More beautiful than anyone else. An existence similar to that of a goddess. The companion which Takeya is madly in

love with.

People aged between 12 and 18 are confined in the old Sorakara School grounds. Currently there are 568 of them.

Those who have family in Sorakara city and those who have lost their family, like Takeya. All are imprisoned equally. They cannot see their families or escape. Once they are drawn to the school, they can do nothing but spend the rest of their lives there.

Nobody knows who started it, but soon enough the people there started calling themselves students, and the students started calling their prison “Sorakara Farm”.

Why are they confined here?

Because students, like Takeya, are food for the magical girl. They are reared in the farm for that purpose.

She eats one person a week.

Yesterday, a girl from Class 4 was eaten. The day after someone is eaten, the magical girl writes a name on a blackboard in one of the classes.

That is the name of the next victim.

“Onee-san...”

Takeya murmured quietly.

Ijuuin Reika will be “eaten” on Friday, as the magical girl wrote.

The kind person who had always protected Takeya will die.

Tragic as that was, Takeya did not cry. He is far too used to the cruelties of this world. He has seen countless absurd things.

But he has never gone through anything as painful as this.

“Aaa...”

Takeya glared at the letters on the blackboard.

“We are the magical girl’s livestock...”

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# Section 1

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## ***EPISODE 1***

### **Section 1**

A grey and cloudy sky would not have been out of place over the ruins of Sorakara School, now in a state of such disrepair it is on the verge of being considered a haunted spot. Constant thunder—like a cheap B-list horror movie or something—would also have been perfect for the present situation. Perhaps then, Takeya would have become used to this place.

But the sky is not grey, never mind some kind of healthy blue. Even today the sky is a ridiculous cotton candy-esque pure white. A fake looking sky like one might find inside a fancy picture book. Not only that, but there are small birds and fish going around and around in circles like a baby on a merry-go-round or cute little mascots. There's no way they could be real.

It's abnormal. It's a different world.

Naturally, the sky alone being pretty did not ease Takeya's spirits. He is constantly seeing things that remind him of the difference between the sky and the situation the students are in.

They are under the magical girl's rule. This place is an inescapable magical cage in which she raises humans as cattle – The 21 Confectionaries.

The boys and girls confined here cannot escape unless they return the sky back to its true state.

“Haa.... Haa.... Haa...”



Takeya was running through the ruined courtyard with a bastard sword on his back. No one had been maintaining the courtyard, so weeds were overgrown everywhere and stones were scattered all over, making it difficult to run through.

But Takeya could not stop running. If he did not exhaust himself to the point he could no longer think, he would probably be crushed by the hopeless reality that awaits him.

“Haa.... Haa.... Haa...”

The weather was uncomfortably warm and the air humid. It felt horrible. It was like he was inside someone’s mouth. He wanted to stop breathing but had he no choice but to continue.

Inhale the horrible air. Sputter it out. Inhale. Sputter.

His sweat was sticking to his skin like sugary sweets.

Everything was unpleasant.

Takeya was fighting with his desire to simply flop over until something flew in front of him.

“...What’s that? A blue butterfly?”

The world ended 10 years ago.

The Human Yield started 13 years ago. In the first three years humanity was reduced to a mere 1% of its former population, and many animals and plants went extinct.

Takeya had no memory of seeing a butterfly in the world after that. He thought they had died out like everything else.

It was painful, but he lifted his head at the rare sight and followed the butterfly with his eyes.

He could see classmates undergoing “lessons” just like him where the butterfly was heading.

The one who had tired herself out during her run and was on the ground staring up at the sky was a 12 year old girl, Hatogaya Koko.

The students in the Sorakara Farm do not choose their own classes. Rather, they are assigned into one by the magical girl.

Takeya and his 29 classmates are in Class 18. However, they are not necessarily in the same school year.

For Koko, the youngest, going through the same lessons as the rest of the class is hard. She is often seen exhausted.

On the opposite side of the age spectrum, next to Koko, was the oldest member of the class, the gentle 18 year old Yumeji Eishin. Though he was still not an adult, the gentlemanly Eishin was gently taking care of the exhausted Koko.

The blue butterfly continued flying around.

Nearby was Takeya's long-time friend, Kaira Shuuhei, gritting his teeth and practicing with a wooden sword. Giving him a sidelong glance with an overwhelmingly pained expression was the 2 metre giant, Ichinohe Arashi.

The blue butterfly turned towards Takeya. Two girls ran in front of him. The idol of the class with her good looks and personality, Arimi Yuki, and her good friend Saki Nono.

It is easy to accept that those two gentle personalities would be good friends, but actually seeing them standing together made Takeya want to raise his eyebrows, since Nono wears a gasmask that she never takes off. The idol and the gasmask girl. It was like something pulled out of a book or a weird painting. They gave him a polite nod as they passed him.

Everyone had their own weapon. Shuuhei had a dagger in addition to his wooden sword. Arashi had spiked knuckle dusters, Eishin a spear, Miyuki a naginata and Nono a Japanese sword. Even Koko had a small fusetto dagger.

They weren't having a battle royale or anything. They must carry them for their lessons.

Everyone is exhausted by the lessons. Exactly how exhausted they are differs from person to person, but that is only natural. There is no way to make sense of these nonsensical lessons the magical girl puts them through.



In the lessons, everyone finds a weapon that is suited to them and then trains their skills in using said weapon. They exert themselves and receive instruction from the magical girl.

However, nobody knows why this is done.

It could be motivational were it something that would be useful in defeating the magical girl, but weapons are useless against an unaging immortal like her. Besides, there's no way she would give lessons on how to kill her.

Takeya and the rest of the students are forced to do the lessons without understanding why.

Since they are handling weapons, there are occasional injuries. There have even been cases of death.

But even if they don't feel like doing the lessons, they do not dare skip them.

Why? Simple. Those who do not participate fully in the lessons will be eaten by the magical girl. Those who resist even a little are prioritized as sacrifices. Those who will never become adept at combat are also prioritized.

The students in Sorakara Farm are eaten due to subversive tendencies or their poor performance. The lessons probably have no real meaning. The beings known as magical girls see no value in humans beyond food and entertainment.

Takeya pondered the idea that she most likely intended to make the students fight each other for her own enjoyment after they had become skilled with their weapons and felt sick.

“Waa~n!”

Takeya heard a shrill voice.

There are only youths in Sorakara Farm, so there are no adult teachers. Those who administer the lessons on behalf of the magical girl are the only things that exist between her and the humans.

“Cheer up, Takeya-kun!”

That is one of them, an animal that looks like a stuffed rabbit toy. If one were to judge based on appearance alone, this mysterious animal would actually look quite cute. It gently jumped onto Takeya's shoulder.

“...Usakoro.”

“Yep! That’s me! The class is all together. It’s bad if you’re all gloomy. Cheer up! Happy!”

Usakoro rather skilfully held onto the still running Takeya with his hind lends and raised his forelegs, creating a pose resembling something you would see from a triumphant athlete.

“I’ll do anything to cheer you up, Takeya-kun!”

(He says that a lot.)

Any magical girl past a certain level of power has mascots aiding them.

These mysterious beings like Usakoro are known as “Lucett”. They seem to obey the magical girl unconditionally, so there is no way they would do what a human like Takeya asks.

Even though he knew he would not get a real answer, Takeya felt like riling him up.

“Anything? Well then, I wonder if you’ll tell me where White Noisette is?”

The mere act of uttering that name made Takeya’s fist clench. It made him feel like he had been filled with curses.

White Noisette.

The name of the magical girl that is imprisoning, raising and eating Takeya and the other students.

Usakoro responded to Takeya’s request by shaking his head from side to side in an exaggerated fashion.

“No way! I’ve been ordered to never ever reveal Noir’s pre-transformation form. You should know, I’ve told you this a thousand times. Asking impossible things, you’re messing with me!”

The students have never seen White Noisette before. She lurks around the farm in her human form.

It’s actually very rare. Usually magical girls utterly despise returning to their human forms.

She is still immortal even in human form, but the magic she can use is limited and her powers become the same as that of any other human.

She can expand the 21 Confectionaries, but she is unable to use other magic such as the kinds used in battle.

Despite these weaknesses, she is stubbornly attached to the idea of hiding her true form and hiding among the students.

*Besides, she definitely has a sinister reason for it. If she were to eat someone that thought she was their friend and trusted her, then their despair would be so much worse. Something like that.*

It is only that natural that Takeya would think like that. That is just the kind of the thing magical girls are.

Usakoro, assuming the now-silent Takeya might be depressed, hurriedly started his follow-up.

“I told Noir that you’re sad Reika is going to be “taken.” I’m sad as well.”

Usakoro’s shoulders slumped down in dejection.

“But she didn’t listen. She said Reika’s grades were bad, so it couldn’t be helped.”

*I didn’t care. The methods of his master will not be changed, no matter what Usakoro thinks.*

“I get it. Enough. I’m done talking.”

Takeya grabbed Usakoro and threw him away.

“Waaa! You’re horrible!”

Usakoro flew through the air and landed steadily on his feet. Despite their cute appearance, Lucett are actually quite tough like that.

Takeya continued running and ignored Usakoro, refusing to look back.

“Wait, Takeya!”

“Nah.”

One of Takeya’s female classmates, Youko, grabbed Usakoro and hugged him



tight.

“Ah! Youkou-chan! What’s wrong?”

It was Youko Mitsushi, overflowing with sex appeal in a manner one would never expect from a 17 year old girl.

“The hooks on my bra are broken. Could you get me a new one from town~?”

“Eh? Same reason as before?”

“My boobs are too big and they just keep getting bigger. There’s no helping it .”

“I see... Anyway, why are you showing that much cleavage?”

“There’s no reason to hide my most alluring features, no~? They say a wise falcon hides its talons, but there’s no way I can hide ones as big as these.”

She bent her back and pushed her breasts out as she spoke.

Despite how she may seem, she is actually very perceptive of her surroundings. Perhaps she had noticed that Takeya was sick of talking to Usakoro and decided to help?

Takeya went back to concentrating on running. It was the only thing he could do. He had already been running non-stop for three hours.

*Ah, speaking of which...*

Before Takeya had realized it, the blue butterfly had disappeared. And though he was still concentrating on running, that realization caused him to relax his legs ever so slightly.

*Crack.*

They started cramping. Releasing the tension in his legs caused the fatigue from hours of constant running to unleash itself in one burst.

His left calf was overcome with pain, like it was going to go numb.

In reality his muscles had probably been burning for ages, even if his was mind was too preoccupied to notice.

“Ugh...”

His vision went blurry. His head was pounding. His fingers started feeling weak. His throat felt like a desert. Even just breathing was painful. The world started blinking in and out of existence like a dying light bulb.

But, if he stopped... If he stopped...

Takeya turned his head and looked backwards. There was nothing of note to see, but he definitely felt as if something had been coming up behind him.

Like a haze, a spirit, a transparent yet clouded something was coming after him.

He didn't want to be caught. He didn't want to be captured. He didn't want to have something pop out right in front of him.

His body was at its limit and was screaming at him to stop running. But he didn't want to stop. He couldn't stop.

*Someone... Save me...*

Takeya fell down.

Or rather, he was pushed down.

"Get it together, you!"

His back hurt. Not only had he been knocked down, he was also being ridden. A pair of thin white arms were wrapped around his waist.

They weren't heavy, though. Girls are quite light.

"This is pathetic! You're making me depressed as well now. Stop messing around!"

Takeya turned his neck and looked at the girl who was shouting in a shivering voice.

Anyone could recognize her just by looking at her distinctive long blond hair. Or she could be identified by being the only person who would do this kind of thing to Takeya in the first place, the 15 year old half-German Seto Lilly.

Her words were strong but her eyes were watering.

"No seriously, stop messing around!"

“Lilly...”

“I’ve told you this a thousand times! Stop being so over-familiar, don’t drop honorifics! Anyway, you’re messed up, so stop running and dragging your legs.”

Lilly had her arms wrapped around Takeya with all her might, but they were also shaking. She started slowly letting him go when he put his hand on her.

*I’ve stopped running, huh...?*

But nothing happened. He should have been being chased by some shapeless entity, but nothing happened. There was no formless apparition foisting itself upon him. Indeed, there was never such a thing in the first place.

By pushing Takeya to the ground, Lilly had saved him from his own delusions.

“I was... dragging my legs?”

“Yeah. You were like a zombie or something. Your face looked blank.”

He was being scolded, but he couldn’t help breaking into a smile anyway. Seeing Lilly being the same old Lilly was comforting.

“I see. I’ll stop running.”

Lilly turned her tearful eyes to look into his.

“Really?”

“Really! So Lilly, could you let go of me?”

“...Ok.”

Lilly’s mood returned to normal as she stood up. But when Takeya stood up as well, Lilly’s eyes flew wide open for some reason. Her face started turning red.

“Huh? Lilly, what’s wrong?”

“Uh...”

She was red all the way up to her ears. She put her hands on her cheeks.

“I-I, it was an accident, I hugg-”

“Hugg-?”

“Ahh! It’s nothing! Nothing!”



“What do you mean nothing? You must be sick or something if your face is getting that red. Tell me wh-“



“Ah!”

There was a knife at Takeya’s neck. And not just some fancy little decorative knife, a heavy duty survival knife that could rip his throat open effortlessly.

“If you keep pushing me, I’ll have to kill you...”

She was serious.

Takeya raised his hands to signify his surrender.

Lilly breathed in and out raggedly. Eventually she calmed down and put her knife away after a few deep breaths. She then directed her emerald green eyes straight at Takeya.

“Takeya.”

*Oh right, she gets mad at me for not saying Lilly-san but has no problem not using honorifics for a senior like me.*

Takeya briefly considered pointing this out but decided to keep his mouth shut.

“There is no way to defeat the magical girl, to defeat White Noisette. You understand that, right?”

Takeya said nothing.

“You need to give up to win. You need to give up to survive. But living a bleak life like White Noisette wants us to is completely unacceptable. So even if we can’t win, we can at least not lose!

No matter whatever horrible things I go through, I will stay calm and look to the future. I won’t let things go according to her plan. Never!”

Lilly started right at Takeya, her eyes filled with righteous indignation.

“I can never meet my mum and dad outside the farm ever again. My friends could be killed any day now. I myself could be killed before that. White Noisette could have a change of heart today and massacre all of us. There is no future for food like us.

But I will not despair. I will keep looking forward. I will enjoy my life as much



as I can to the bitter end.”

Lilly inhaled, bent to side and exhaled every molecule of air from her body with one huge breath. The anger in her face had already disappeared completely.

“That is something I can do... So...”

Her face had turned into one massive smile.

“I want you to do it as well.”

That face was definitely looking forward.

“...”

That face was truly dazzling. Takeya lost his breath.

*She’s absolutely right.*

Takeya thought that from the bottom of his heart.

Fundamentally, magical girls cannot be killed. In the face of the harsh reality that nothing can be done about White Noisette, Lilly’s way of thinking is the only one that makes sense.

“Lilly.”

“Lilly-san! What is it?”

“I like you.”

“What?!”

Yes, he likes her. He loves the amazing girl that can hang on to such ideals in such a depressing situation. He wants to hold her close to him.

“But that means...”

**“Abandoning Onee-san?”**

Lilly’s eyes widened.

“I-I didn’t mean...”

“Sorry, that was nasty of me.”

Takeya immediately apologized.

But there was no room for changing what he said. Lilly's ideals were correct and beautiful, and that is exactly where they would lead.

"Lilly, do you remember what I said before? That I'd be dead if it wasn't for Onee-san? That when the world ended and everyone was busy with their own survival only she helped me? That she saved me, a complete stranger?"

Takeya continued without a single doubt in his mind.

"I love her."

Lilly bit her lips and gave a light nod of her head.

"...Yes. I know that for you she is more important than anyone else. I've always known that."

"Important doesn't even begin to describe it. She is a part of me... No..."

Takeya declared without a moment's hesitation.

"She is my whole."

Lilly went quiet at Takeya's bold words.

"Thank you for encouraging me. I'm happy you feel that way. But I live for her sake, and that cannot be changed."

*Even if it leads me to my death. Even if it leads my friends to their deaths.*

Lilly tightened her fists, sensing Takeya's unease.

"But what are you going to do? Do you intend to die along with Reika? That... That I can't allow!"

"No way I'd do that."

"Huh?"

Lilly shouted in surprise but widened her eyes as she realized what he meant.

"That's... impossible."

"Indeed. But I'm going to do it anyway."

'It' being the exceptionally reckless option. But no matter how reckless it may be, Takeya had no other choice.

**“I WILL kill the magical girl, White Noisette.”**

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# Section 2

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## ***EPISODE 1***

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One of Takeya's classmates opened his mouth. It was Kishinami Zan, a student council member who was a year younger than Takeya, wearing his trademark cynical grin.

"There are two types of people. Those who fight, and those who run. Those who resist the magical girl and try to change their situation, and those who submit to her and try to live out the rest of their lives as best as they can."

"So, Takeya, which of these are the ones running?"

Takeya understood what he was trying to say. After all, they had been long-time friends, since before they even came to Sorakara Farm.

Takeya grimaced and avoided answering. Zan glared at him with his characteristic narrow eyes and continued.

"Those who operate under the assumption they can defeat the magical girl, those who keep chasing after unattainable hopes. Those idiots are the ones running away. Wouldn't you find it hilarious if an ant thought it could defeat an elephant and started going to a boxing gym?"

Maintaining his smirk, Zan turned his attention to the girl leaning on the wall

next to Takeya.

“I didn’t think you were like that, Lilly. I’ve given up on such fantasies.”

She did not take it well.

“You’re quite annoying, aren’t you, Zan? Call me Lilly-san. Besides, I never thought we could defeat the magical girl.”

“Oh, so you’re just in it for his body? I admire your adaptability, being able to find room for that kind of thing in this world. Seriously!”

“I-I’m not in it for his bod-”

Lilly’s face went red.

“You say that, Zan, but...”

Takeya jumped to Lilly’s defence.

“Why you are you leading us to the student council room if you think it’s a fantasy?”

The student council room is a special area created by White Noisette’s magic. It is the only place on school grounds where magic can be used, and no one can enter unless they are accompanied by a student council member.

Why does the student council room alone have this arrangement? It is because the student council is responsible for communicating White Noisette’s wishes to the rest of the students.

Out of all the students, the student council are the closest to her. They also have the strongest inclinations to obey her. Some of them have not only submitted to her, but also outright pledged their loyalty to her.

As a member of the student council, Zan is no exception.

“Why am I taking you there?”

Zan sighed.

“I know what you’re like. You’re the kind of guy that’ll never go back on his decisions no matter how much evidence comes up to the contrary. If I didn’t, you’d just find another student council member, so I thought I, as your old friend, would take on the duty so you don’t bother them.

“I will also say that it is partly because I believe that even if you were to discover a way of defeating the magical girl, there is absolutely no way you would be able to actually pull it off.”

“Ah, I see. But thanks anyway.”

Zan said nothing in response and remained silent as he took a step toward the door to the student council room. It looked nothing like the practically-ruined school. It was dark red, almost like a toy.

He grabbed his student council armband and raised it at the door. That is how they open it.

The insignia on the armband started shining a bright white while dazzling light poured out of the door as it opened. It was an intense light, the kind of which would never be seen in the natural world.

The red door did not open. Rather, it disappeared.

What replaced it in front of Takeya's eyes was not a room, but a magical vortex. It looked like milk and coffee had been swirled together.

Takeya's chest started pounding. He gulped and tentatively put his hand in the vortex.

The vortex had no feeling, no temperature. But then it began welling up. It felt absolutely horrible. Like he was freezing, like there were needles coursing through his veins.

“When I see something like this, I understand.”

Lilly nodded.

“She really is a monster.”

As long as a magical girl continues to transform, she does not age. Her appearance is fixed anywhere between 10 to 16 years old.

It is said that when transformed, they are seven times stronger than humans and that even if any part of them is destroyed, it will quickly regenerate. There's even a story of one getting blown to pieces and returning to normal within a minute.



They can only be damaged by magic. Transformed or untransformed, this does not change. There is no way for magic-less humans to kill them. So does that mean they are impossible to kill?

Indeed, it is impossible. Or at least, that is what Zan and Lilly say. But Takeya was focusing on a certain attribute of theirs: even magical girls must eat.

It seems like they simply cannot co-exist with humans, but that is not true. In fact, it is the opposite. They are essential food for a magical girl. There is no way they would drive humans to extinction.

That is why White Noisette came up with the idea of raising them on the farm. Other magical girls also rounded up humans, though their methods differ.

*We will not give her food. If we can do that, can we kill her...?*

That which does not eat will die. This is a law of nature. There is no telling whether magical girls, who exist outside of normal laws, will die from simply not eating. But they definitely eat meals, so starvation must have some kind of effect. It is definitely worth testing.

“So, that is your theory?”

The student council president, Onizaki Reki, said, then paused for a while.

The student council room is about as big as a gym, but the boundaries are invisible. The white background seems like it goes on forever. The entire place seems like it goes on forever.

Even where Takeya’s feet stood, he could not tell where the floor was. It was like he was standing in the air or on the sea.

There are no rules. Concepts such as left and right, up and down, and front and back are all incomprehensible. Deformed fish and birds happily swim and fly around. They do not abide by their traditional practice of flying through the sky or swimming through the sea, and instead roam freely through the entire area.

“Ah, what a fun atmosphere,” one might say, but the reality was horrible.

*If I dared to stay in this room for any extended period of time, I’d lose my mind.*

The student council vice president, Rairen Leila, was standing next to Takeya and the rest, wearing four sabres on her body and her arms crossed.

She hides her age from the other students. Her secretarial intelligence and adult face are accentuated by her thin silver glasses. The cold narrow eyes behind those glasses gave off a strong impression that she was ready to cut down Takeya at any time, depending on how the conversation went.

And indeed, Takeya was fully prepared for that. After all, they are student council members, as close to White Noisette as a human can get. There were five of them in the room, six including Zan. They had no interest in Takeya's fantasizing of methods to defeat White Noisette and offered him suitably bored looks.

In the deepest part of the room, there were desks and chairs scattered about chaotically. The big heavy desk that the president seemed to own looked like it came straight out of a fairy tale. The Japanese sword on top of it even more so. It had a different feel from the others, like it was the desk of the only person the magical girl would allow to exist in this space.

And sitting behind that desk, stretched out in a majestic chair without a care in the world was the man said to be the strongest human around, student council president Onizaki Reki. His eyes were fixed on Takeya.

"Let's start with why. Why are you telling us, the people loyal to White Noisette, your ideas on how to kill her?"

Reki asked Takeya, his entire body save his mouth remaining still.

Reki is androgynous, with long hair you could easily roll fingers through without getting tangled, a truly beautiful young man. But when he's sitting there like a work of art not even moving an eyebrow, he looks like a lifeless mannequin.

It's hard to believe that at 16 years old, he's younger than Takeya.

*Seriously... He has such a weird aura.*

There is a fitting story as to why he is called the strongest human.

When he was first locked in Sorakara Farm, he was attacked by a magical girl

many times, but he was able to fend them off all by himself using his katana.

The idea that he is able to go up against an enemy that can use magic in addition to being seven times stronger than any human is unbelievable at first glance.

However, in a way it makes sense. Magical girls cannot die, but they can feel pain. Even if they are not killed, even they may be tempted to give in to an enemy that can cause them serious pain. Though there is no one except Onizuka Reki that can even hope to achieve this.

He does not rebel against White Noisette even though he has this power. On the contrary, he cuts down those who oppose her without so much as a change of facial expression.

Takeya had no idea what he is thinking. If he's that strong, why the hell does he obey her? Or perhaps it is because he is that strong that he understands the sheer difference in power between himself and a magical girl?

In any case, the only thing that is certain is that telling the student council, which serves White Noisette, his plans to kill their master is practically suicide. If it is seen as rebellion, it would be entirely normal for him to be cut down right then and there by Reki or Leila.

But he did it despite that, or indeed, because of that.

"I fully intend to kill White Noisette. In order to do that, everyone in Sorakara Farm must join together. Everyone."

"I see. You're thinking that if you don't convince the student council first, nobody else will follow you. And conversely, if the student council of all people rebel, the rest of the students will wake up and follow, and she will have a total war on her hands."

"Exactly. I want you to be absolutely dedicated to killing White Noisette as well."

One of the female council members couldn't hold herself back anymore and shouted hysterically back at Takeya.

"Stop screwing around! There is no way we would kill White Noisette!"



“I’m not screwing around at all. I intend to cooperate with you as well if possible.”

“An insult! This is an insult!”

The girl unsheathed her sword and charged straight at Takeya.

Takeya did not have time to react to such a sudden attack. He had no chance to take any evasive manoeuvres.

*Clang.*

But Takeya remained unharmed.

“Vice president... Why...?”

Leila had also drawn her sword and blocked the girl’s attack.

“Aren’t you disgusted by the crap he’s spouting?!”

“My feelings are irrelevant. As the president has yet to decide what should happen, your attacks are rash and need to stop. That is all. Please reflect on your actions.”

The girl made a sour face and put her sword back in its sheath.

She really was out of control, but nobody here thinks she did anything strange.

Takeya’s surprise was like the kind one would find in a haunted house. The fact she tried to kill him is completely unsurprising. What surprised him was the sheer suddenness of it.

This world is filled with death. Killing and being killed are common. There are also many people who had experienced murdering someone, so Takeya had fully expected to be attacked during such a grave conversation.

Takeya took a moment to reassess the situation. He could lose his life with one stupid mistake. These negotiations were like tight-rope walking, like a battle.

Part 2

“Well then, let’s continue.”

Not even the recent fight was enough to make Reki raise his eyebrows.

“And how exactly do you intend to stop White Noisette from eating?”

Takeya regained his bearings and started talking again.

“We restrain her. There is at least one case of it being done successfully before. President, with someone as powerful as you and the support of the rest of the students, would it not be possible?”

“We will have to sacrifice a lot of people, but it may be possible.”

“Then let’s do it!”

“That’s easy to say, isn’t? Those sacrifices are human lives. Are you able to shoulder that kind of responsibility?”

Takeya was lost for words for a moment.

“I certainly can’t puff my chest out and say I have the right to decide other people’s fates. But if we just continue doing nothing, we’re just going to end up dead.”

“Won’t we also die if we lose White Noisette’s divine protection?”

*Divine protection?*

Those words sent Takeya, who had initially been unsure of how Reki felt about White Noisette, flying into a rage.

*She’s keeping us as cattle but he’s talking like she’s some kind of saviour. I can’t allow that!*

“Divine protection?! Don’t stop thinking just because she seems invincible! If you stop thinking you’re no different from an animal! You must know that White Noisette will eat the student council members as well! There will be no exceptions. There will be no special treatment. You’re going to get killed one day. What the hell are you doing? Do you want to fuck her or something?!”

“T-Takeya! You’re going too far! You’re going to get yourself killed!”

Lilly grabbed Takeya and held him back.

“I-I apologize, President. He’s panicking because someone he cares about is scheduled to be eaten next. Forgive him! P-Please forgive him!”

Lilly desperately petitioned for forgiveness.

Reki's eyebrows moved ever so slightly. For someone whose eyebrows had not moved an inch, even when his comrades were charged at, Takeya thought it was a truly rare sight. And with that rare sight, Takeya finally calmed down.

"Sorry Lilly. Thanks."

"Never mind me, apologize to the president!"

Takeya shouted "I apologize!" and bowed his head, but he realized...

*I'm probably going to get executed.*

There is no way out.

The negotiations were going badly, but Takeya had just made it even worse. There is no way that Reki, who treasures order over all else, would forgive such things being spoken of in front of the student council. There is little chance that the rest of the council, who adore Reki, would let it slide either.

Even Leila, who should be maintaining her calm, was unable to hide her anger. If Reki gave the signal, they would execute Takeya without a moment's hesitation.

But for what seemed like an eternity, Reki signalled nothing.

Takeya raised his head, dripping with sweat.

Reki was holding back the student council, who were ready to cut down Takeya any minute, with a hand gesture.

Takeya took a long, relieved sigh. He had no idea why, but it seemed that for now, Reki had no intention of killing him.

Zan looked stunned at how things had gone.

"Takeya, I was actually sort of hoping that you would be able to move the president's heart. I know you're the kind of guy that can occasionally pull that kind of thing off."

Zan sighed as well.

"But I'm disappointed. All you're doing is shouting hysterically. Who's going to want to follow that?"



Takeya had no response to Zan's grin.

He didn't think that trying to sort things out with the student council was a mistake, but he knew that it had ended disastrously.

"Give up, Takeya. I feel your pain. What's going to happen to Reika affects me as well. I don't want her to be sacrifice with all my heart. But that's all. I can only understand your feelings. Nobody is going to show an interest in your plans based on feelings alone."

"No, they're definitely interested."

Zan's eyes opened at Takeya's statement.

The rest of the student council were surprised as well, even Leila.

"I think I understand now. The reason for that outburst before, is it that girl?"

"That girl?"

Reki responded to Takeya's question.

"Ijuuin Reika-kun, right?"

Even just hearing that name made Takeya's body go stiff.

"I have a good understanding of the students' personalities. Probably far more than any of you expect. But I would never have predicted the sheer rage you have shown until now. It is completely unexpected."

"It was inevitable. Takeya is so lost at the moment."

Reki nodded at Lilly's follow-up.

"Indeed. Takeya is very different from his usual self. This emotion, this recklessness, this plan to kill White Noisette – it's all because of Ijuuin Reika. Am I mistaken?"

*He's... not mistaken. No matter how much I go on about ideals, that is the bottom line.*

Takeya bit his lips. He realized how ridiculous he sounded. Risking his life and pressing the student council for one girl. There's no way anyone would go along with that.

“The problem is...”

Reki picked up his sword and stood up.

The rest of the council looked on in surprise, as if Reki actually wielding his sword was a rare occurrence.

“The problem is that you are not the only person that idolizes Ijuuin Reika.”

“...What do you mean?”

“Actually, the student council has been hectic. There are countless people who, like you, are thinking about rebelling against White Noisette since Reika-kun was chosen as the next sacrifice. They want to save her, just like you.”

“I’m not the only one taking action...?”

Takeya was certain that he loved Reika more than anyone else, but apparently there were plenty of people for which it would be an understatement to describe their opinion of her using “adoration.” That number had only been increasing since Takeya came to Sorakara Farm.

“I’m not sure if she’s aware of it or not, but Reika-kun drives people mad.”

“Drives people mad? I have no idea what you’re on about. She’s just nicer than anyone else.”

“But are you not, at this very moment, being made to risk your own life for her?”

“No. This is my own decision.”

Reki ignored Takeya’s response and continued.

“I had thought that if Reika-kun wasn’t present, her influence would be absent as well... How dangerous. There is an extremely high chance that in losing her, cracks will start forming in the orderly system that is our daily lives. And you are the closest of all to Ijuuin Reika, your ‘ruler.’ Hah.”

Reki shot Takeya a look so sharp it could have actually shot him.

“You said you were going to restrain White Noisette, right?”

Takeya felt pressured, but still gave a slight nod.

“Naturally, you will be in charge of this endeavour and assume responsibility of it?”

“O-Of course. I have it all planned out.”

“Good.”

Reki started walking towards Takeya. The air turned cold and sharp, like it was slicing his skin.

*Is he going to kill me?*

Everything he saw pointed to “yes”, but Takeya’s legs were stuck to the floor. He was unable to move. Such was the strength of Reki’s that imposing demeanor.

His body was stiff. His head was covered in sweat and his heartbeat had gone into overdrive, abandoning any sense of rhythm. He was even forgetting to breathe.

“A while ago, you imagined me as some kind of animal, no?”

Reki, who normally never changes his facial expression, gave a faint frown.

Just as Takeya noticed that Reki drew his sword... It was already back in its scabbard.

That is all Takeya saw. The blade did not enter his vision even for a second.

But it was gone. Gone from the neck up. The student council girl who had attacked Takeya earlier had been decapitated.

Part 3

“Aah!”

Lilly screamed, stumbled, and fell to the floor.

“Well, I’m human!”

A moment later blood started spewing from the student council girl’s neck.

“Why did you ki-”

Takeya stopped there. No matter how acquainted with dead bodies Takeya has become, this is the first time he has ever seen someone kill someone else so



easily. And it's clear from how the victim reacted to Reki picking up his sword that the girl looked up to him. But he killed her without a moment's hesitation anyway. Reki is truly something else.

"Why did I kill her? She was too loyal to White Noisette, a true believer. She would have disrupted your plans. So I disposed of her."

The body, which had been standing on two legs just like when it was still alive, slowly leaned to the side and finally crumpled over. The head, having rolled far away, showed no signs of awareness of its own beheading.

"I'll take the chance. From now on, the student council will follow your plans, servant of Ijuiin Reika."

Reki said in plain words exactly what Takeya wanted to hear, but he was too confused to fully understand the situation. Under normal circumstances, the extraordinary situation unfolding before him was enough to bring his brain to a halt. He had no idea why Reki would suddenly make such a huge decision.

I will tell you something that only Leila and I know. We heard it from Usakoro, so there is no doubt that it is true."

"P-President! That is...!"

Reki paid no attention to Leila's words and turned his blood covered face directly to face Takeya.

"White Noisette is in your class."



Those words were completely unexpected. Takeya's mind was unable to keep up with the succession of curveballs thrown at him, but he was somehow able to squeeze out a few words.

"T-That's impossible. I-In Sorakara Farm we live together 24 hours a day. I never lose sight of my classmates. Humans and magical girls have completely different values. There's no way one would be able to hide amongst us..."

"Facts are facts. Please accept it."

"But that means...! White Noisette has gone such a long time without transforming! That's unheard of for a magical girl! P-President, are you trying to screw with me? If you aren't, please show us some proof!"

Takeya understood that there was no way Reki would simply provide him with proof in a place like this. He blurted those words out because of how difficult it was to swallow what he was saying, but...

"Alright."

Reki responded as such. He took some kind of heavy object out of his uniform's pocket, placed it in Takeya's hands, which he then closed around the object.

It fit perfectly in his hands.

Takeya timidly opened his hands and looked at the object. It was a small, square, and pink case with a star pattern on top. It looked a bit like a toy.

It wasn't too light and it wasn't too heavy. It looked like it was made of plastic, but it seemed a lot heavier than sturdier than plastic.

It was a ridiculous design, completely inappropriate for the current situation.

*(It's quite gaudy... Is this a ring case?)*

And then, he realized.

"No way...!"

Takeya stared at Reki with wide open in surprise.

"It's probably exactly what you are thinking. Did you know? Magical girls

transform by putting on magical rings. One of those rings is inside that case. Whatever you do, please be careful not to touch the jewel. If anyone but the owner touches it, it will rip out their soul immediately.”

Takeya gulped and slowly opened the case.

In that moment – the world came into focus. Compressed. Distorted. Shaky. Hazy. Stiff. Changing colours.

“Agh!”

Takeya snapped the case shut as fast as he could. It felt like the jewel inside was consuming everything, up to and including his very personality.

He only saw it for a moment, but he had a clear image of it in the back of his mind.

The ring itself was gold with a small pattern engraved into it, and set onto it was a large, transparent, diamond-like jewel.

Without a doubt, he only saw it for a single moment, but one moment was more than enough for him to understand..

*This cannot exist...*

It is a truly dangerous thing. It is too alluring. Too maddening.

“Magical rings cannot be destroyed by humans. That said, as long as I have this in my possession White Noisette cannot transform.”

Takeya turned to Reki, his eyes still wide open.

“Why would White Noisette give something so important to a human like you?”

“Do you know how a magical girl increases the potency of her powers?”

Takeya tilted his head to the side. He had never heard of such a thing.

“That’s not surprising. Most people don’t know of it. White Noisette is the only magical girl that practices it. The rest have no need for it.”

Reki put out his arms and took the magical ring back from Takeya.

“It’s risk.”



Reki said.

“It doesn’t matter what kind of risk. The more risks a magical girl takes, the more powerful she can become. Giving her magical ring to me and exposing herself to danger like that, it’s like she’s levelling up in a game. Usakoro said something to that effect when he passed the ring over to me.”

“If it doesn’t matter what kind of risk it is, then the reason she decided to hand it over to you is...?”

“I don’t know. White Noisette is the one who decided to do it so it’s not something I’m privy to.”

Indeed, were one to run with the idea that White Noisette pushed it on him of her own volition, it makes sense he would not know why.

*But, he’s definitely lying.*

Takeya isn’t naïve enough to believe such a convenient story.

*He probably made some sort of deal with White Noisette. Withholding her intent makes it a convenient little story to tell the students.*

Takeya thought that far then plucked his head.

*But a deal? Between a human and a magical girl? The hell?*

It’s unimaginable. Takeya sort of understood that White Noisette was different from other magical girls, but why would a magical girl, who is definitively stronger than a human, work with one?

Reki, who had been ignoring the confused Takeya with the same unreadable facial expression as always, spoke.

“Well then, what are we going to do now?”

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# Section 3

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## ***EPISODE 1***

### **Section 3**

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Part 1

Magical girls are former humans, but there is still a lot of mystery surrounding their origin.

In the final stages of the Human Yield which started 13 years ago, a very small minority of girls between the age of 10 and 16 gained the power to become magical girls. That amount has also been gradually increasing. Anything beyond that is unknown.

Magical girls do not believe that humans—who are below them on the food chain—are even remotely equal to them. It is said the reason they have no qualms with eating humans is because they have lost their memories of being human, but even if one assumes that is true, not much would change. The strong have no consideration for the weak.

*“White Noisette is in your class.”*

Takeya did not believe that such a higher-level being like a magical girl would lower herself to doing such irritating things with humans, but at present, Reki has her ring.

*To be honest, I’m not sure whether Reki is an enemy or an ally. But I can’t think of a reason he would tell me a lie like that.*

Is he working with White Noisette to corner the other students? No, if that was the case, White Noisette could massacre all the students whenever she felt like it by simply returning to her original form.

Besides...

*If I don't believe him, all I'll be able to do is twiddle my thumbs while Reika-san gets eaten.*

Thus, Takeya prepared himself.

What he was about to do was not something that Reki had pushed on him. It was his own idea from the very beginning. It was a plan he would put into action with his own preparations, under his own responsibility.

Takeya looked around the old classroom from the teacher's podium.

Since there are no seats or desks, the 30 students of Class 18 live their lives sitting bunched together on the old, creaking floor, the squeaking at times evocative of screaming. When it comes time to sleep, they just roll futons out on the floor and sleep there.

After cohabiting for so long, the girls gave up and started changing, unabashedly, in front of the boys. Aside from the younger ones like the 12 year old Koko, the boys are quite tempted to sneak peeks while the girls are changing, at Youko especially. Takeya has warned her about it over and over, but she never seems to listen.

*Incidentally, Lilly never changes outside the private stalls in the toilet.*

That's how casual they were around each other.

If a student were to be suddenly overcome with unease and break down in tears, the rest of the students would console them together. If a student were to die, the class would make a grave and bury them together.

Living day to day, not knowing when you will be eaten. Going through that alone is too cruel. The classmates naturally banded together and lived a lifestyle of mutual cooperation.

These people share a deep, deep bond of friendship—no, in fact, they are family.

*But we need to accept. We need to understand.*

Lurking within that tight-knit class was a magical girl, licking her lips and pondering her next meal.

No matter how different from other magical girls White Noisette may be, her fundamental values are the same as the rest.

That was the conclusion that Takeya reached, having lost his parents, siblings, friends and acquaintances to magical girls. Even now White Noisette continues to kill his friends as “sacrifices”.

Takeya slammed the podium and the class’ attention turned to him.

“I think I’m going to confine everyone here from now on.”

Those words were brimming with anger.

How did White Noisette feel watching the class encourage each other? How did she feel watching the class suffer and cry together?

She must be enjoying herself. Takeya was unable to hide his anger at that thought.

He continued speaking to the students, who had had since started murmuring at the sound of the rather unpleasant word, “confinement.”

“I’ll just cut to the chase. White Noisette is here among us, right now. The student council president told me.”

The class fell silent. That is how large the student council president’s presence is to them.

“Now that we know this, we cannot continue as we have before. Everyone probably thought that this lifestyle of being raised as food wasn’t all bad, that there were plenty of good things, that being together for all this time, so near the abyss of death had turned us into a family.”

He continued speaking in a strong tone.

“But our lifestyle of holding hands and cuddling up to each other is over.”

Rage welled visibly in Takeya’s eyes, but he had no idea who he should aim that rage towards. He just directed it to the empty void at the end of the room.



“We need to suspect. Suspect that the person next to you could be a magical girl. By virtue of a single magical girl being here, what we have built up has been tarnished. Our bonds have been broken.”

Takeya clenched his fists.

“We are no longer family.”

Takeya uttered the horrible truth.

**“We are enemies, each and every person must doubt the other.”**

As one might expect, a commotion arose amongst the class, who up until now, had been effectively silent. They turned towards Takeya and...

“W-wait! Enemies...? Isn’t that a bit too much?”

“White Noisette is here? Is this a joke?”

“No way! Did the student council president actually say that stuff?”

“Even if he did, there must be some kind of mistake...”

That was the reaction Takeya had expected. There is no way they would believe something like that so quickly. He understood that, but decided to press on anyway.

“Now is our only chance. The president has White Noisette’s magical ring, so she can’t transform. If nobody leaves this class, she can’t return to her original form. We don’t know who she is, so we can’t let everyone leave. Everyone is a suspect, so I will confine everyone.”

Takeya opened his hand and shouted.

“We will starve White Noisette to death!”

The class naturally began getting displeased with Takeya, who had thus far been having quite a one-sided conversation.

Their displeasure was about to bubble up into an angry roar when something flew in into the room. It was Usakoro.

*Oh, he finally came? I had been thinking he would definitely show up if I started going on about this stuff.*

Under normal circumstances, Takeya would have hated Usakoro, but in this particular instance he had been eagerly anticipating his arrival.

Usakoro landed on the board's chalk tray and started stamping his feet with a patter-patter sound.

"Takeya-kun! You're not listening. Is it true? That you're trying to lock up White Noisette?"

"Yeah, it's true."

"Stop! If you do that! Everyone will be killed!"



Usakoro was obviously flustered. He was going out of his mind.

“Ooooh... What should I do? I have no idea! No idea what to do at a time like this!”

“You should ask White Noisette.”

“Eh?”

Usakoro didn't move. Or rather, he couldn't move. Since White Noisette is in this class, he can't take orders from her in front of everyone. It would expose her.

Takeya had elicited this reaction from Usakoro and presented the students in the class with the truth. That is why he had been so looking forward to Usakoro's arrival. Little by little, the students finally started to understand the reality of the situation as they watched Usakoro freeze up, understanding that White Noisette was among them.

“Wait a minute, Chairman”

The one who spoke up was the oldest in the class, and the leader of the girls, the 18 year-old Karasu Umi.

For the record, Takeya isn't some kind of class representative or anything. Class 18 doesn't even have any. A few people just call him Chairman because he's always helping organize things.

“I understand why you're confining us, but isn't Usakoro right? Aren't we just going to make White Noisette angry and get ourselves killed? Just because she can't transform, doesn't mean there's nothing she can do.”

Umi may not have intended it, but it sounded like she was trying to corner Takeya since she always sounds so overbearing.

“Well, I can't definitively state that it won't happen.”

Takeya gave a short answer, as if it were already obvious.

Part 2

“Wait, wha-”



“Can I talk as well?”

In a rare move, the usually meek Ari Miyuki cut Umi off and began speaking.

“Magical girls eat human souls, right? So... We can't really starve her. Even if we lock her up, all she has to do is eat us. And even if she is in human form, she should still be able to eat us, no?”

“White Noisette doesn't want to reveal herself. We can infer that from how she has lived among us so far. There's no way she can secretly eat someone in front of this many people.”

“But if it gets to a point where she's going to starve, she might stop caring.”

“That's true. We may very well end up being eaten.”

Miyuki's face went pale at Takeya's frank statement.

“Or her allies might notice that something has gone wrong and slaughter everyone here.”

Takeya said something that would fan the flames of unease in Miyuki and the rest of the class, but nobody took issue, even to such remarks. His face alone told the class everything they needed to know. He was resolute.

“I would love it if there was a sure-fire way of stopping this without losing anyone, but will there be another chance after this? Will there be another chance besides preventing White Noisette's transformation here?”

Takeya bit his lips.

“No. That I can state without a doubt. And that's dangerous. If we fail, we will probably be slaughtered. We won't get a second chance to change our fates. So...”

Takeya lowered his head.

“Prepare yourselves!”

The class fell silent.

There were no complaints. That said, there was no thunderous applause either. It would be unreasonable to expect everyone to be ready to fight immediately.

Takeya raised his head.

He took out a small cardboard box and slips of paper and showed them to the class.

“We will vote! I want you all to write down if we should confine ourselves here, yes or no, and put it in this box. Don’t worry, it’s anonymous. The majority will decide what we do.”

There were no objections.

“Lilly, will you help me hand out the ballots?”

Lilly stood up in silence and began distributing pieces of paper to everyone.

In reality, Takeya fully intended to confine everyone by force if necessary. However, this struggle will definitely be long-term.

Being stuck in this suffocating room, not knowing when they will be able to leave, not knowing when White Noisette will get sick of it all and massacre everyone. Such circumstances will be incredibly stressful for the class.

Someone would probably break and make a run for it, unable to handle being forced through this by someone else. Thus, the plan would be ruined.

Takeya prepared for the worst. If a lot of people were against the plan it would become impossible to carry out. Takeya would have no choice but to give up.

Takeya had returned to the teacher’s podium after finishing handing out the ballots when Mitsuishi Youko spoke up.

“I’m voting no. I... No, not just me. Everyone understands. It’s impossible to beat a magical girl. If we go through with this plan we’ll just die a painful death. You know that as well, deep down, no?”

Takeya did not answer.

“So I choose to maintain the status quo. I want to live a peaceful life day to day. I’ve always been like that, that’s why I joined the student council and am following White Noisette’s guidance. Hey, Zan, Renki, you guys became student council members for the same sort of reasons, right?”

The two people she named gave a slight bow.

“Besides, it’s a bit mean to say, but the reason you suddenly want to kill White Noisette is because Ijuuin Reika from Class 1 was chosen as the next sacrifice isn’t it? You’re just panicking because you don’t want her to die, no? Aren’t you just getting the rest of the class involved in your love? Can you deny that?”

“I can’t. If the next sacrifice wasn’t Reika, I might be doing nothing at the moment.”

“How honest~”

“But that was just one of my impetuses. I always intended to fight White Noisette one day.”

That is true. Even if she was not chosen this time, one day Reika’s or Takeya’s time would come. He needed something to push him to action, but he was always knew he would end up fighting White Noisette.

“Takeya.”

The next to speak was Zan.

“I’m getting sick of telling you this over and over and having you never listen, but I’m going to tell you again. There are zero cases of a human defeating a magical girl. Not even back when there were actual, functional armies. Despite that, you think you can just stroll your way into killing one?”

“Zan, your opinion is basically the same as Youko’s?”

“Pretty much.”

Takeya looked back at Lilly, who had finished handing out ballots and was sitting where she was before.

Lilly had been staring intently at Takeya ever since he got on the platform, listening to what he was saying. She was helping was because she already understood what he was about to say.

Half of the students in Sorakara Farm have, much like Zan and Youko, come to terms with the reality that they are unable to defeat a magical girl and live calm lives.

Lilly is like that as well. Takeya thought that this way of thinking was correct, he thought that being able to think like that was strength. But he was also aware...

“Zan, it’s impossible to just live peacefully until you die.”

...of the limits of that way of thinking.

“The only reason we can think like that in the first place is because White Noisette is raising us here, no?”

“What are you trying to say?”

“We are being forcibly confined here by White Noisette. Controlled and raised as food. She holds the power of life and death over us. It is intensely humiliating. But, cynical as it is, it could be said that we are stable, and that we go without being attacked by other magical girls thanks to being kept by White Noisette. Just like cattle are protected from their natural predators and sicknesses by humans, no?”

“What I mean is, if we turn a blind eye to the occasional sacrifice and accept this humiliation we can, in a way, live a peaceful daily life.”

“That... May be true.”

“But, do you think a temperamental magical girl, one like White Noisette, will keep this up forever?”

“...”

“From the beginning, we have been unable to understand why she would do this kind of thing. We know nothing about her. Why does she eat only one person a week? Why does she keep us separated from the adults? Could she gorge herself and eat a bunch of us on a whim? Why did she give the student council president her magical ring and hide amongst the class? Why do you place so much trust in a magical girl who thinks of us as nothing more than food, even though you know absolutely nothing about her?”

“T-That...”

“It’s true. There is no way this will continue forever. She might put an end to it any day now. We will return to how it was before, we will return to the real

world, to the world of sleepless nights and not knowing when we will be attacked. To the world of our close ones dying constantly. To a world where we are used to screams, familiar with blood, desensitized to the smell of burning flesh, and accustomed to utter hopelessness. Am I right?”

“...Ah...”

“Do you think we can happily live through that world? No way.”

Zan was lost for words.

Takeya had always understood this, but he never said it because there are people here who would be unable to cope if they did not turn their eyes away. For some people, these lies are their only salvation.

But Takeya had already decided to fight.

**“Our happy daily life here is nothing but an illusion maintained by White Noisette’s magic.”**

He was just stating the obvious. It is clear just by looking at the ridiculous fairy-tale white sky over this place.

“Ah... ahh...”

Koko, the youngest in the class, started crying.

Usually someone would comfort her with kind words, but that isn’t possible anymore.

“There is no precedent for humans like us winning against a magical girl. We’ve lost every time. But we need to win. Apart from that, what hope do we have? Tell me that, Zan.”

Zan bit his lips and remained silent. The entire room fell silent.

“Wait! Everyone!”

Usakoro, hopping up and down incessantly, spoke out.

“Noir won’t betray you!”

His sweet, selfish words could no longer trick anyone.

“That’s enough, Usakoro. We’re already sick of this.”



Takeya clenched his fist.

“We are no longer cattle.”

He stared at his classmates and declared.

**“We are humans!”**

His eyes watered as he said it.

“Ah...”

Takeya didn’t want to accept it. He didn’t want to accept a future with a forecast of suffering and death. Even though this life is nothing more than an illusion, there were a lot of good parts.

So why does he have to put an end to it? He wants to laugh and enjoy life with Lilly and the rest until he dies, but that is no longer possible.

He will probably die being tormented by regret and pain. For as long as he lives, he will bear the guilt for forcing everyone to fight. When anyone dies, it will be entirely his fault.

It is natural that they would blame him, and inevitable that they would hate him.

Takeya bore the weight of being responsible for everyone’s lives, a weight far too heavy for one alone to bear.

*Please, someone... Take my place...*

But nobody did. Nobody helped him. The only thing that happened was the immense pressure placed upon him welled up and pushed itself to the front of his thoughts.

He will fight. He will risk his life. He will risk not only his life, but the lives of the entire class.

“Now, let’s kill her!”

Takeya had no idea how much his words resonated with the rest of the class, but in the vote that followed, most of them voted “Yes”.

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# Section 4

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## ***EPISODE 1***

### **Section 4**

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Part 1

Class 18 had decided to confine themselves. In order to leave the room as little as possible, Takeya had entrusted any exterior dealings to others. Such responsibilities were delegated to the rest of the student body, with the student council taking up the role of the core.

The plan was put into action. Reki immediately gathered all of the students in the gym, then laid out the plan and current situation to them. From now on, there would be no lessons and no weekly sacrifices.

But there was no joy. Everyone knew from experience that there was no way things would go just as planned when a magical girl is involved.

All of the students are obligated to watch over the classroom Class 18 are barricaded in. They use a system of ten people rotating out every three hours. This requires a total of eighty people per day.

Any student who leaves the class without Takeya's permission will be considered White Noisette, and thusly be attacked and/or captured, period. Such an attack would not be gentle by any means, but would be one that would, without a doubt, kill anyone that was not White Noisette.

If the lookouts gave the signal, the entire school would be mobilized to fight her. Naturally, it would be a life or death battle.

Takeya had another realization. His actions bear a real chance of bringing about the end of all his comrades in Sorakara Farm.

“You look pale, Takeya.”

Takeya instinctively raised his head at Zan’s words.

“Yeah...”

Takeya brought Zan and his friend Shuuhei along to the physics classroom and laid out his plan from here on out.

The ballots that the class had written on a while ago were lined up on the old, scratched-up desk.

“So Takeya, what are we doing?”

Takeya lit an alcohol lamp with one of their precious few matches.

“Actually, there’s a bit of a catch to these ballots. Each has a number written on it in sugar water. If we put it over fire, that number will become visible. If we know who got which number, we can know who voted what.”

“Ah, so the anonymity was a lie. Which means the one who handed out the ballots, Lilly, was your accomplice?”

“Yes.”

“W-Why would you do this?”

The one who responded to Shuuhei’s question was not Takeya, but Zan.

“To find out who voted no. There’s no way White Noisette would be up for a siege. Takeya is thinking that there is a high chance that White Noisette is among those who voted no.”

“Yeah. We need to pay special attention to those that voted against. If they’re only participating reluctantly and are dissatisfied, they might try do something troublesome when we’re tired.”

Takeya started checking the ballots.

“Takeya-kun. I wanted to ask, but how dangerous do you think this plan is? What do you think White Noisette is going to do?”

Takeya thought about Shuuhei’s question for a moment and answered honestly.

“It’s hard to believe it’ll go well. I don’t believe that White Noisette will starve without doing nothing. Even if the student council president has her ring, there are still things she can do to help her transform.”

“Such as?”

“I’m not sure if she has any, but she might have her allies help her. Magical girls don’t work alone.”

“W-What will we do?”

“We have to expose her while she is still in human form and capture her, before she has time to act.”

“Capture? How?”

“Magical girls are immortal even in human form, but they become unable to move for a small amount of time if their brains or hearts are pierced. If we affirm that someone is White Noisette, we will engage them in a surprise attack. Then we will pin her down with stakes so she cannot regenerate or move.”

“Ah, how gory... Can magical girls feel pain?”

“I have my reservations. We call them magical girls, but they still look like girls. It’ll probably be horrible. Even worse, she will look like one of the classmates we have lived together with... But we have no choice, no?”

Zan started adding to the conversation.

“Takeya, how long do you think White Noisette can hold out?”

“...About 10 days.”

“Then we have a time limit. We need to find out who White Noisette is and attack them within those 10 days. If we can’t, we will fail having accomplished nothing, right?”



“...Right.”

The ballot check was finished. Three people voted “no”. Takeya started mentally comparing the numbers that had appeared with the class register.

“This number is... Uh...”

“Me.”

Takeya frowned instinctively.

“What’s with that face? What were you expecting? I’ve been telling you there’s no way we can kill her constantly.”

“...Well, at least he’s consistent.”

“Be glad I narrowed down the number of suspects. A boy like me cannot be a suspect. There’s no need to tell me off for voting no.”

“True.”

There’s no point in blaming Zan. The suspects are the 15 girls in the class. Takeya started going through them in his head one by one. He doesn’t necessarily get along with everyone, but he doesn’t want them to end up being magical girls. He feels that from the bottom of his heart.

“Takeya-kun. Who are the other two?”

“Give me a minute.”

Takeya compared the numbers and class register and came up with two names.

“Hatogaya Koko and Fujisaki Nono.”

He recalled their faces. That said, he had no idea what Koko, who is always wearing a gas mask, actually looked like.

“So, one of these two is White Noisette...?”

“Or are they? White Noisette didn’t necessarily vote against. Besides, both them are pretty weak minded, so it’s not surprising they voted no. And Koko is twelve! It’s no surprise she can’t muster up the will to fight.”

“Yeah. If anything, I think Nono is suspicious, but I don’t think a girl wearing a

gas mask all the time and catching everyone's attention is White Noisette. If a girl loaded with suspicion like that was the criminal in a detective model, you'd throw the book against the wall."

"Well, we aren't. Let's just be careful of those two for now."

Zan looked at Takeya and crossed his arms.

"Be careful of', huh?"

"What are you trying to say, Zan?"

"Well..."

Zan was being uncharacteristically evasive.

"It's okay, just say it."

"Ok... Takeya, the two that voted no..."

He hesitated a little and said.

"You're not going to kill them, are you?"

Even in the face of such brash words, Takeya's expression remained unchanged. It was something he had actually briefly considered.

"There's no way we can do that. It's impossible to kill two people at this time."

"But Takeya, do you think White Noisette will mess up so much that you can be 100% certain? We only have 10 days."

"That's true, but we cannot afford to make a mistake. If White Noisette sees us killing someone and isn't hiding her true form, she might try something. It's too risky."

"...That's true."

Zan accepted it, for now.

But Takeya realized something during that conversation.

*He's right. It's unlikely we will be able to narrow it down so much as to definitively say someone is White Noisette. And if that is the case, do I need to kill my classmates, who were my friends and family, if I suspect them? Even*

*though I could be mistaken?*

Takeya bit his lips.

*When that time comes, can I really do it?*

## Part 2

It was the sixth day of the siege and their worst fears had been realized. Takeya hadn't even been able to pick out a suspicious person, let alone identify White Noisette.

The ever-growing paranoia and suspicion between classmates. The knowledge that there is a killing machine living amongst them. The dissatisfaction with such an oppressive lifestyle and being unable to go outside. The sudden change in environment. The fear that everyone might be wiped out. The impatience of not knowing when it would all end.

The effect of all these intense stressors on the class' psyche was clear. Everyone was nearing exhaustion.

It was only inevitable that something like this would happen:

The death of Kunugi Sumire.

"That's enough! I'm no magical girl! Please understand! No! I don't want to suspect anyone. Whatever! I don't care anymore! Do whatever the hell you want! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!"

Sumire was unable to handle the current situation. Nobody comforted her like before, no matter how worried she was, how depressed she was, or how many tears she shed. Thus, she was driven to try and break free and escape the classroom.

The students outside were going through the exact same horrors she was. She thought they would understand if she told them just how hard things had been, cooped up in that room. She thought if she pleaded with all her heart that she wasn't a magical girl, they'd spare her. But Reki's orders were absolute.

"Eh? Eeh? What's that?"

Sumire found the student council waiting for her on the other side of the

door, sabres at the ready. Following their example, the students standing guard quickly fell into line.

A man in an armband spoke.

“This is a magical girl. Do you understand?”

Those who attempt to leave the class will be considered magical girls. This is an iron rule.

There is no way Sumire can be allowed to live.

If they were to make an exception for Kunugi Sumire now and spare her, then slowly but surely everyone would make their escape attempts, and the plan would be ruined.

“Prepare yourselves! Everyone, surround her and kill!”

Sumire swung her head frantically from side to side.

“Why? You’re supposed to be killing magical girls! Why are you killing me?!”

“I don’t get it! I don’t get I don’t get it! I-I’m no magical girl! P-Please understand! I’m not lying, can’t you tell?! There’s no way a magical girl would beg and beg like this!”

“Help! Help! A-All I did was leave the class for a second, right?! I’ll go back! I’ll never leave again! I’ll go back! Let me go! Spare me! Please! Please! PleeEEEEAAAAAAAAA-“

Sumire was killed by the student guards right in front of Takeya and the rest of the class’ eyes.

Her death rattle lodged itself in Takeya’s mind.

Sumire had definitely dug her own grave, but it was hard to blame her for not fully understanding the current situation. She was not the only person yet to comprehend that the life they had lived up to now was gone.

Most of the students are only now coming to terms with the fact they can never return to how things once were by seeing Sumire cut down right before their eyes.

Truth be told, Takeya was one of them. He had never imagined that Sumire

would be killed just for leaving the classroom. He had thought that, all things considered, she would have been forgiven.

In reality, Sumire was not the first person to be killed since this started. Two people from outside his class had been executed. One of them, like that student council girl before, was put to death for being too loyal to White Noisette. Reki killed another for rebelling against Takeya's plan. That person was not the only one who refused to go along with the plan, but they were made into an example to dissuade the rest.

In other words, Takeya was responsible for the deaths of at least three people. They in all likelihood died resenting him, cursing his name.

On the day that Sumire died, Takeya vomited three times in a makeshift toilet at the edge of the classroom. He knew he had to keep up a strong face as the architect of the plan, but he couldn't hold it back any longer. Nobody said anything to him as he vomited, as if they already knew exactly why it was happening.

The next day.

Takeya lay in his futon, pressing his hand against the bruise on his cheek. He remembered the words that the one who hit him, Aikawa Matsuri, had said, along with the intense pain he felt then.

"I don't hate you or anything, but let me give you a good hit in Sumire's place."

Matsuri, one of Sumire's friends, slugged Takeya with all her might. She did nothing else to him after that. In the year that Takeya has known her that was the first time he had ever seen her cry.

The pain from the bruise was so severe it was causing him headaches, but he also felt a kind of comfort in his heart. In a way, he took comfort in being blamed by others.

He was still haunted by Sumire's death rattle and the weeping that came after, and now both were incessantly battering against his ear drums. It was like they were about to burst.

He knew all of this was coming from self-pity, but knowing that didn't make it

easier to reconcile.

He felt dirty, as if a thick oil oozing was out of his heart. It was a feeling that never went away, no matter how many times he vomited. His mind felt heavy and dull, like it had somehow turned into an iron ball. He didn't want to think.

*Did I screw up?*

The words he could never say. If he did, the anger and dissatisfaction of the class would turn on him instantly, and the plan would be as good as dead.

He couldn't afford to think like that, but that question repeated itself over and over in his head. It tormented him as much as the pain did.

*Do I just want to save Reika-san for my own sake?*

Takeya couldn't sleep at all yesterday so he really should be getting some sleep, yet, he couldn't sleep at all today either.

On the first day of the siege the class were split into three groups. It was decided they work would in 8 hour shifts. Takeya's group was assigned to sleep between 4 PM to midnight.. Sleeping outside of that time is punishable by death.

There is no day or night when the 21 Confectionaries are in play. It's 7 PM now but the sky is the same absurdly milky sky it always is.

He was so broken down he even began to hate the sky outside.

Lilly was sleeping on her side right next to Takeya, and she was literally—and perhaps metaphorically—turning her back on him.

*Lilly...*

If the other classmates noticed Takeya starting to crack, they wouldn't do anything. They might not outright hate Takeya, but it's clear to them that any mental turmoil the guy who started this whole thing off in the first place went through would be a case of him reaping what he sowed.

But Lilly is different. She didn't give him any words of encouragement nor did she try to patch things together with kind words, but he knew she was an ally from the way she had always stood right beside him.



He moved his mouth close to her ears.

“Hey, Lilly.”

It’s okay if she’s sleeping. No, he wants her to be asleep.

Takeya knew he couldn’t go around whining due to the position he held, but he was at his limit. He couldn’t keep it locked up inside anymore. He let it out.

He whispered into Lilly’s ear.

“Am I doing the right thing?”

Just saying those words helped clear his mind a little. Sleeping or not, she was the only person that would be able to accept his complaining, or so he thought.

He was surprised he would think like that.

*Ah... I’m fawning over too much...*

He thought that only person he could really rely on was Reika, and that he couldn’t really claim that such a close relationship existed between he and Lilly after just a year of living together.

Lilly said nothing. It seemed she was really asleep. That’s exactly what Takeya wanted, but he was still a bit hurt he wasn’t being listened to.

He pulled away from Lilly, surprised at his own weakness.

When he pulled his head back under the futon, his mind began to fill with his own voice again.

*Am I wrong? Am I wrong? Am I wrong? Am I wrong? Am I wrong? Am I wrong? Am I wrong? Am I wro-*

*pat*

Takeya was lightly patted through the futon. He stuck his head out.

Lilly was looking at Takeya, her lips pursed. Her blonde hair was touching his face.

“You’re awake, Lilly.”

Lilly didn’t respond right away. She was thinking about how to reply. She was even considering pretending to be asleep like that.

“No honorifics? Don’t get too familiar with me, idiot.”

The same tone as always. It made Takeya so calm, he himself couldn’t believe it. His face loosened up. It probably looked like he was about to cry.

Lilly pursed her lips, her face a mixture of sadness and confusion. She then went silent and climbed into Takeya’s futon. He had no idea what she was thinking.

“Lilly...?”

They were together in the futon, so close their head were almost touching. She was staring right into his eyes.

Amazed and unembarrassed, Takeya stared back deeply into her emerald-green eyes, as if he was being pulled in by them.

He had always wondered, how can she keep such honest eyes in a world like this?

“Are you wrong? I can’t say. You thought it through, so I don’t mind what happens... I can’t say that either. We’ll only know when this all over. You’ll never be forgiven for the deaths of Sumire and the others if you’re wrong, and you’ll be wrong if we don’t manage to kill White Noisette. Her death is your fault and it’ll be your fault as well if everyone dies.”

“That’s putting it bluntly, but you’re right.”

Indeed, he wouldn’t know whether his decision was correct or not until the whole thing comes to a close.

But if results determine right and wrong, then Takeya is already wrong. After all, magical girls cannot be killed.

*Will I die hated and unforgiven?*

“...But, I don’t mind if you’re wrong.”

“Huh?”

Lilly’s shocking words left Takeya’s eyes wide open.

“Really? I thought you wanted to live a calm life.”

“Yes. But really, it’s fine.”

She seemed serious.

“If you decided it, it’s fine.”

In that instant, the self-loathing voice in Takeya’s head disappeared.

*Aah...*

That’s what he wanted to hear. He never actually expected it to come, but he desperately wanted to hear it. That even if he was wrong he would be accepted.

He was sure no one would say it. He had given up hope anyone ever would. He had even accepted he was going to die. There’s no way anyone would say it.

But Lilly had said it.

That she would accept him no matter what.

Takeya wrapped his arms around Lilly and hugged her tightly.

“Kyaa!”

Her eyes flew open in surprise.

“W-wha- This is sexual harassment! And underneath the covers as well... I’m not ready! Stop messing around!”

She tried to tear him off but stopped and went silent when she saw his face.

“Thank you, Lilly...”

Takeya was crying. He couldn’t let the other students hear that, so he was pushing his face into her chest to drown out the sound.

For a moment Lilly did nothing. Then she smiled and gently held Takeya’s head.

Part 3

It is the tenth day of the siege, and the day of reckoning.

Takeya, Zan, and Shuuhei were once again conversing in the science lab.

Unlike the rest of the class, these three have a license to enter and leave the class.

As boys, they are not suspected of being magical girls. They also members of the tight-knit group, “The Family”.

“The Family”.

To make a long story short, “The Family” are those that were taken into Ijuuin Reika’s care and lodged freely in her mansion. Reika saved not only Takeya’s life, but also the lives of Shuuhei and Zan.

“The Family” respect, believe in, and love Reika without exception.

She doesn’t only help children. With Reika’s leadership, “The Family” brought some amount of order to the chaotic ruins of Sorakara City. They maintain the law and work toward restoring the city to its former glory.

Reika spearheaded this movement despite being merely a year apart from Takeya in age.

Even now, “The Family” exerts a great influence on the people living in Sorakara City. Even Takeya’s position as the de facto leader of Class 18 is strongly tied to his membership in The Family.

“Hey Takeya, would you mind if I asked you something? It’s a bit off topic, but it’s been on my mind.”

Takeya, Shuuhei and Zan were making the final decision about the identity of White Noisette. In the middle of doing so, Zan queried Takeya with an unusually serious face.

“Go for it, Zan. What is it?”

“It’s been doing my head in. How the student council president acted when he said Reika’s name. That tone. I can’t help but think that the only reason he agreed to your plan is because Reika’s your benefactor.”

“I agree...”

“He called her your ‘ruler’”.

Indeed, Reki did say that. Odds are it was deliberately provocative.

“He probably thinks quite highly of her. Onee-san really is a great person. She’s so intelligent, much more so than anyone else. I think she can sort out the

class to a certain extent, just like what she did with The Family.”

Shuuhei, who had been standing nearby, nodded along.

“Even if Reika can unite the class, we can’t believe she is anywhere near as capable as White Noisette. She’s human. Her body is weak and she can’t fight. She smiles and she laughs. Even if she is amazing beyond human capability... A human is a human. ”

“I agree. She’s not strong enough to kill White Noisette.”

“Yeah, so-”

Zan cut Takeya off and continued speaking.

“So I’m thinking, White Noisette created Sorakara Farm for a reason, and Reika must be getting in the way of that. At the very least, she’s just as influential as the student council president.”

“...And what purpose would that be?”

“How would I know? But if we assume White Noisette wants to use us for her own ends, then Reika-san may become a thorn in her side. And if we assume that, then perhaps choosing Reika as the next sacrifice was actually a very risky wager?”

Takeya raised his eyebrows.

“Why do you think that?”

“Ever since Reika-san was chosen, you, no—**everyone has been moving to kill White Noisette**, no? Could it not be said that, in a way, when that happened, White Noisette lost that wager?”

Takeya thoroughly contemplated what Zan pointed out before speaking.

“She wants to use us, and she wants to keep us alive for her own ends...?”

“It’s very possible.”

“White Noisette hasn’t taken action yet because she doesn’t want to kill us?”

“That’s what I’m thinking, but she can only go so long without eating.”

Takeya understood after Zan explained it to him. Even when White Noisette handed Reki her ring, she was trying to use humans to advance her own goals.

Why does White Noisette only confine young people? Why does she only eat once a week? Why is she hiding amongst Class 18? Why did she inform Reki and Leila of that fact? Why did she give Reki her ring, and why is she trying to strengthen herself?

What does she want?

Suddenly, Takeya felt odd.

*I definitely feel like I'm missing something... but I have absolutely no idea what it is.*

"Takeya-kun. No amount of thinking will bring you an answer. Let's do what we can for now. All we can do right now is do our best to catch White Noisette."

"...Shuuhei. Yes. Yes, that's right."

Exposing and capturing White Noisette. It's what they ought to do. It's all they can do.

It's time to abandon any misgivings.

"We need to choose someone."

Even if there is no basis for such an accusation or anything to back it up.

Takeya, Zan and Shuuhei had narrowed the suspects down to four people. Atop the black desk in front of them, they lined up four pieces of paper, on which the names of the accused were written.

Aikawa Matsuri. Mitsuishi Youko. Renkoujizaka Koneko. Mijisaki Nono.

Hatogaya Koko was not included even though she voted against the plan. She had clearly been living in absolute terror ever since the vote, and her age makes it difficult to gauge exactly why she voted no.

Shuuhei began listing off why each person was suspicious.

"Aikawa Matsuri has no sense of danger. She may have been attempting to throw things into chaos when she punched Takeya, who is leading this operation."

"Mitsuishi Youko is oddly calm, and strangely friendly with Usakoro. She also tried to incite people to vote with her."



“Renkoujizaka Koneko is quiet. Too quiet. She says she is 18 but her appearance does not match her age. Perhaps she, as a magical girl with an ageless body, has lost her sense of age?”

“Mijisaki Nono also voted against. Nobody knows what she looks like because her attire invariably includes a gas mask. She also remains distant from every classmate except Arimi Yuki.”

Takeya listened to the summary and gave a deep sigh.

“We’ve come up with a list of reasons, but it’s all circumstantial. Weak. It’d be too nasty to brand someone as White Noisette on that alone.”

“Yes, but we have to choose. Time is up.”

Takeya nodded at what Zan had said. He was right.

“I’ll restate my opinion. Shuuhei thinks she’s suspicious but I don’t think Aikawa is the magical girl. She’s not in The Family, but I’ve known her since before we came to Sorakara Farm. I know her well. She’s just become a bit bull-headed because of the situation we’re in.

She’s a bit of an idiot, truth be told, but she doesn’t have it in her to deceive her classmates for an entire year. She probably hit Takeya because she was getting emotional.”

Shuuhei spoke next.

“I don’t think it’s Youko. She’s really nice and has a strong sense of right and wrong. Joining the student council and being against this plan are just the actions of a pragmatist. She probably thinks that beating a magical girl is impossible.”

“And you like her tits.”

“T-That has nothing to do with it! What the hell are you on about, Zan?!”

Shuuhei’s face turned red.

Zan continued, looking satisfied at how he had teased Shuuhei.

“I think his assessment is spot on. Matsuishi is a fellow student council member and her views towards magical girls are similar to mine, though I know

that doesn't go too far in clearing her of suspicion."

Takeya asked them if there was anything else left to say. There was no response. There was nothing left.

There is no way they could make a judgement based on things like this alone.

They can't afford to make the wrong call. If they do, they will have taken the life of an innocent classmate. Even worse, it will rouse White Noisette to action. It would be no exaggeration to say the life of every student in the school hinges on Takeya's decision.

But despite all that, this is all they have to go on.

It's ridiculous, but they have no choice but to accept that ridiculousness.

Takeya started nodding frantically to make himself understand the situation. He subconsciously started tightening his fists.

*I have to!*

He forced his hands to relax.

"We will close our eyes. Then, at the same time, we will point at the paper with the name of the person we think is White Noisette."

Zan and Shuuhei closed their eyes. Seeing that their eyes were closed, Takeya followed suit.

"Now.... Point!"

Takeya felt them moving instantly. Takeya had no hesitation as well.

They opened their eyes.

They were all pointing at the same person.

Renkoujizaka Koneko.

That was the name of the classmate that would be killed.

"It's decided."

Zan spoke out.

"....Wait."

Takeya glared back at him with a look of surprise on his face.

Takeya thought he was being self-conscious, that his objection was just indecisiveness. The decision had been reached. Everyone had picked the same person. Further debate would change nothing.

Yet, he too was unable to mentally picture Koneko being White Noisette. It didn't make sense at all.

His intuitions were screaming at him.

**The decision is wrong.**

"By process of elimination we are left with Koneko. But is that enough?"

Koneko is an extremely quiet and emotionless girl. As a result of that, she has no friends in the class and no one knows what she's really like. She is their classmate and acknowledged as part of the class' family-like structure, but there is still something mysterious about her.

But there was not a shred of proof that she is a magical girl.

Takeya had a thought. Are they not just choosing from those that stand out the most?

Would it be okay to treat Koneko, chosen through process of elimination, like she was White Noisette, even though Takeya had a strong feeling it wasn't her?

"Takeya, choose."

Zan blurted out to the silent Takeya.

"Will we sit back with our hands clean and doom every single person in the class? Or will we dirty our hands, kill Renkoujizaka alone and carry out our plan? Choose."

"That's a bit of a leading question..."

"Is it? I don't mind which you pick."

Zan quietly spat that out at him.

"We're done for either way."

Unbelievably, those were his true feelings.

Zan narrowed his eyes at Takeya, whose face has stiffened.

“I died the moment we decided on this plan, Takeya. We are surrounded by magical girls. Even if we luck out and somehow deal with White Noisette, the other magical girls will kill us in revenge. They’ll kill us in the most horrible way possible, make sure we suffer to make an example of us. That’s what I expect.”

Takeya took a moment to catch his breath.

It’s very possible.

“I’m probably not the only person. Youkou and lot of other students are probably thinking the same thing. You killed us the minute you started this operation.”

“Zan.”

“So do whatever you like. The idiot that thinks they can kill a magical girl should be the one to decide, not someone like me.”

Zan was blaming Takeya, but at the same time, he was—in his own clumsy way—giving him his support.

Shuuhei patted Takeya on the shoulder.

“If you’re wrong, you can apologize to Koneko in heaven.”

Takeya was resolute.

He may kill the wrong person, the plan may fail.

But it’s too late now. The situation would be the same regardless, taking a risk with little chance of success. From the beginning, all Takeya could do was try his best.

“I get it.”

In this situation there is only one thing that can be done.

“We will kill Renkoujiza Koneko.”

It was decided.

Takeya vomited once more, unable to hold back the guilt.

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# Section 5

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***EPISODE 1***



## Section 5

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Part 1

Renkoujizaka Koneko is in Group 1, whose allotted sleeping time is from midnight to 8 in the morning. Thus, it was decided that the operation to capture White Noisette would take place within that period.

At present it is 3:15 AM, 10 minutes before the operation begins.

While the class were in the classroom, Takeya was standing in the corridor, sorting out the final details of the plan with its most important actor.

That actor, of course, being the student council president, Onizaki Reki.

“Please get everyone ready.”

Takeya carefully placed 10 massive stakes on the floor.

“Understood.”

Reki responded with his usual, unchanging, facial expression.

The operation isn’t that complicated. Takeya, Zan and Shuuhei would simultaneously plunge stakes into the head, heart, and abdomen of Renkoujizaka Koneko, the probable White Noisette, thus destroying those parts of her body.

A magical girl can regenerate from her injuries, even when her vital organs are pierced by humans, but it takes 25 seconds for the healing to kick in for such a severe injury. Or at least, such is the testimony of Reki, who had faced magical girls many times.

In those 25 seconds, Reki and five other student council members would drive more stakes deep into her body, pinning her to the floor. Once that is done, she should be unable to move, even if she regenerates, and the capture will be complete.

If they fail... Who knows what will happen.

Takeya held the bastard sword he always wore on his back. The hand holding the hilt was trembling, and not because the sword weighs 3 kilograms.

He started taking deep breaths. He needed to be calm.

“...President, I have something I want to ask.”

Takeya wanted to calm down, so he decided to ask Reki as question.

Reki, holding a 2 kilogram stake effortlessly like it was a pencil, turned his gaze to Takeya.

“What is it?”

“...That...”

What Takeya was about to ask was a stupid question. He was very much aware of this, but he wanted to hear anything that would soothe his mind even a little.

“Do you think my plan will succeed?”

He expected Reki to say yes. If he didn't, there was no way he would have approved this operation in the first place. They've already sacrificed Sumire. Reki is actively participating. If he didn't think there was a chance of success, he would have never cooperated up to this point.

It was obvious that he was going to say yes, but Takeya still wanted to hear it from Reki's own mouth.

“Heh.”

Reki opened his mouth, his expression remaining unchanged as always.

**“Not for a second.”**

“Whaa...”

A completely unexpected answer. He felt like someone who was dangling off the side of a cliff and about to fall off when their partner decided to cut themselves away and kick them off.

His lips trembling, he asked:

“T-Then... Why did you go along with this?!”

Reki responded to the words Takeya had somehow managed to eke out—with the same expression he always held.

“It feels like a godsend. That’s why.”

It made no sense. Takeya couldn’t understand what he was saying.

But if he was expecting failure, then...

“It can’t be that... You want humanity to be wiped out...?”

“No.”

It made no sense, but Takeya noticed something. The eyes of the normally expressionless Reki were clearly different from usual. The expression in those eyes...

“I just want to kick off the story.”

Seemed joyful.

Takeya started shaking his head and stopped thinking about Reki.

After all, Reki was weird, he already knew that. There would be no point in thinking about his motives at this point. It would be far too late. All he could do at this point was ignore it, regardless of how of bad a vibe it gave him.

*All I can do now is do my best.*

Kill Koneko. That is all he can do.

He entered the classroom.

Hearing the door open, Zan and Shuuhei immediately looked towards at him.

They made eye contact with each other then started walking towards the location of Kokeno, who should be sleeping.

Zan had a shortsword in both hands, Shuuhei gripped a dagger in his right hand.

The class looked at the three boys holding weapons with odd faces but said nothing. Really, it was nothing that out of the ordinary.

Renkoujizaka Koneko entered their eyesight.

At that moment, Takeya saw something.

“That...”

Two almost mesmerizing wings flapping around in front of him.

*Is that the beautiful blue butterfly I saw the other day?*

**Huge amounts of what should be an exceptionally rare butterfly began flowing into the classroom through a huge, glassless window.**

“Aaa...”

Reki was peeking in from the side of the corridor.

The expression on his face, eyes wider than never before, could be described only with one word.

Madness.

**“Finally, it begins.”**

One of the butterflies touched a student's head, Okonogi Hishou.

And at that moment, his head exploded with a thunderous boom. His brain was scattered across the room, his eyes splattered against the floor.

A liquid of indeterminate composition, perhaps blood, perhaps brain fluid, gushed all over his lover, Himezaki Yuzuki. She delivered Class 18's first scream.

[illegible]

Butterflies began buzzing around the room.

“R-RUN!”

Zan screamed with a suitably shocked expression.

Takeya finally understood what was happening in this unprecedented chaos.

**This is a magical girl’s attack.**

“Don’t touch the blue butterflies under any circumstances! Run! Get out of the classroom! RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUN!”

Zan, in a complete departure from his usual calm self, started screaming without any concern for how he looked. The class started moving.

“W-wai-“

Himezaki, who had just lost her lover, was already surrounded by butterflies. She was given no time to grieve as the butterflies landed on her arms and legs and flew into her mouth.

She stuck out her tongue and looked down to confirm they were indeed in her mouth.

“Aaa! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

With a huge explosion Himezaki was blown into tiny pieces, which scattered all over the room. Some of those small chunks of flesh smacked Takeya square in the cheeks

.  
Takeya ran out of the classroom. Suddenly he felt warmth behind him. When he looked back, one of the twins’, Narukami Hikari’s, right leg flew off. She lost her balance and fell over. She tried to get up, but the rest of the class trampled her, not noticing her as they frantically tried to escape.

“H-hel-“

Butterflies started gathering around her head, then surrounded her entire body.

“No! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

As the butterflies flew off in several directions, so too was Hikari torn apart in different directions in a flurry of explosions. All that was left was her lower

body. The rest of the body was completely disfigured and destroyed, but her skirt retained some of its original shape, fluttering through the air.

*The hell is this...*

There was another explosion behind Takeya. He didn't have time to look back. Another person was dead.

Another person he had spent a year with, another person that was like family. Dead. Those close to him were dropping like flies.

“THE HELL IS THIS?!”

When he got out of the classroom and into the corridor he was greeted by more dead bodies, male students from another class.

Not just one body, but two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Takeya stopped counting.

*Ah... That's good enough. Well, it's not good at all, but good...*

There's something wrong here.

The bodies haven't been blown to pieces, they've been cut to pieces.

Magical girls can only use one type of magic, and the method used to kill these people clearly differs from the magic of the blue butterflies.

In other words, the magical girl that came through the window is not acting alone. There were at least two nigh-undefeatable magical girls here, and they were undeniably on the attack.

That means...

“It's over”

“It's finished”

“We're done”

“We're dead”

He could hear his classmates screaming those words.

Part 2

This is the end.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

Takeya heard a sharp, high pitched scream. He looked behind and saw Dosanryuu Tadayoshi, who had been trailing him. Takeya noticed a gaping hole in Tadayoshi’s torso, large enough that he could see right through it.

Then he met Tadayoshi’s tearful gaze. Entranced, he stopped moving for a split second, at which point Tadayoshi’s head exploded. The shockwave caught Takeya, throwing him against the wall.

“Agh... Ugh...”

His left arm took the brunt of the bone-crunching impact as his body collided with the wall. He writhed on the ground in pain, convinced that his shoulder was dislocated by virtue of his inability to move it.

*I need to get up, fast! The butterflies!*

He rose shakily to his feet.

A butterfly touched down on his now dangling arm.

“Kuh!”

The butterfly flew away—at that instant, there was another explosion.

Once again he was shoved against the wall, though this time he was at least able to brace himself with his feet to bear it.

“Uuuu...”

That said, his left arm was no more.

“Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu...”

He was too deep in shock to feel the pain, but he could feel the energy draining from his body, and he had trouble getting his legs to move.

He couldn’t walk straight forward.

*I need to escape! But where to? Escaping from the classroom and running from the threat in front of me doesn’t mean I’m heading anywhere in particular. Where can I escape or find help? There is no such place. We won’t be saved.*

With a quick whoosh, any and all weight disappeared from his body. There



was not an ounce of strength left in his body. Suddenly the inside of his head clouded over in mist and his mind stopped working.

Takeya was disoriented from the current situation, but he still knew exactly what was happening.

*Ah... That feeling... It's been a while...*

The feeling of having experienced a horrible world many times. The feeling of being ruled over by a sense of utter hopelessness.

Hopeless.

Hopeless.

Hopeless.

That word echoed in his head, making his steps feel heavier and heavier each time, like he was being weighed down with lead.

He finally became aware of the pain emanating his shoulder as the blood dripped onto the floor. Immediately, it grew to an intense pain and he let out a scream. His footsteps became even heavier.

Takeya's legs finally stopped moving. His classmates were leaving him behind, but he took no offense to that. He understood that his time was at an end.

He looked out the window and was stunned at what he saw.

"That... what?"

The colour of the sky had changed. The absurdly milky sky he was used to seeing every day was gone.

However, by no means had the sky returned to its original state. It was an absolute mess, like someone had taken paints of various colours and splattered them all over a canvas at random.

"I don't care anymore."

He murmured once more.

"It's... over..."

A blue butterfly was flying between Takeya's eyes. A lump of magic that could

blow someone to smithereens in a heartbeat. When and how did it get so close?

He tried to escape, but his legs still wouldn't move. Not even the imminent threat to his life was enough to get them moving.

He felt like the despair was eating away at his body, like his blood itself was turning black. He already knew how this would end.

Takeya is a dead man.

His head would explode and his brain would be scattered across the halls. He would become a decapitated corpse.

Or at least, that's how it should have been.

Somehow, the blue butterfly split into two right in front of his eyes. The two halves gracefully floated to the ground like petals. They then shrunk and disappeared, driving in the fact it was never a real living being in the first place.

Takeya found himself staring at Reki's face. He was now aware that the feat was a product of Reki's extraordinary swordsmanship.

"President..."

The pokerface Reki usually wore was... absent. His face was crooked, as if he was enjoying himself, or thought something was hilarious. Of course, it's quite unlikely that he was overjoyed that he managed to save Takeya.

Reki pointed to the classmates escaping in front of Takeya. All the while, another butterfly's body continued to twitch as Reki chopped it up finely, like he was dicing up vegetables on a chopping board.

"Class 18, please make your way to the student council room. Vice President Leila will be waiting for you in front of the door, please take refuge there with her help. Being directly under White Noisette's management, the student council room will be the safest room in the school."

Takeya immediately disagreed.

"Why would White Noisette let us in there? Isn't this her doing?!"

"I don't have time to explain. We can't let any more of Class 18 get killed lest

we risk exposing White Noisette's identity."

What Reki was saying made no sense whatsoever, but it's impossible to conclude that Reki didn't expect this disaster to happen. At any rate, Takeya didn't have time to give Reki a full cross-examination. He didn't want to think about it.

Thus, Takeya switched his mind off and headed towards the student council room.

Takeya could see his classmates in front of him, but he was falling behind them due to his inability to run and the extreme pain he was in.

The butterflies were less dense than in the classroom, but that doesn't mean the situation is any less hopeless than before. He was losing a lot of blood. Even if he somehow escaped from this magical attack and made it to the student council room, he may very well end up dying anyway.

*I... don't care...anymore...*

As Takeya raised his head with a self-loathing smile he noticed something astounding.

A figure running towards him, blonde hair swinging in the wake.

"Takeya!"

Lilly.

She stopped right in front of Takeya, breathing erratically.

Lilly looked shocked when she seen Takeya's missing arm up close but quickly put on a smile.

"Let's get to the student council room, okay, Takeya?"

"Don't mind me, Lilly."

"Eh?"

"Take care of yourself first. It doesn't matter what happens to me anymore."

*slap*

She slapped him as soon as he said that.

Takeya was taken aback by the slap and Lilly's lack of hesitation. His eyes widened as he held his face with his right arm.

Again without hesitation, Lilly curled her mouth into a big grin and said...

"Let's live."

It was just a single phrase. One tiny little phrase.

Ah...

But it was enough to drive out the despair that had taken over Takeya.

That one little phrase drove him to think...

*I want to keep living, to live together with Lilly.*

"Ah, let's go."

Lilly happily turned around and started running towards the student council room. Takeya started running after her.

There were fewer butterflies flying around, but there were still plenty between them and safety. That said, they move like real butterflies, so they're not the fastest things in the world.

Takeya moved forward, taking great care to avoid the butterflies, and avoiding any thoughts regarding the bodies he ran past.

He made it to the stairs. The student council room would be close at hand once he went down them.

"Agh...!"

Suddenly, a truly repugnant smell almost caused him to choke. It was coming from the stairs.

It smelled like dried up blood.

The first floor probably played host to an even more terrible tragedy than the hall outside the classroom.

"Takeya, don't stop."

"Ah... Ah..."

Lilly gently descended the stairs and Takeya soon followed.

Leila came into view immediately.

“This way, quickly.”

There were only a few people at the door. It seems like most of Class 18 had already entered the classroom.

Shuuhei, who had been part of the rearguard, appeared and entered the door. His expression lit up slightly as he noticed Takeya and made eye contact.

“Shall we go as well?”

“Yeah.”

The smell of blood was indeed thicker than it had been on the second floor. Clumps of red meat were scattered all over the hall. There were still screams coming from places unknown.

*Are we going to live through this?*

He had no idea, but for now his only option was to believe Reki and seek refuge in the student council room. There was no other option for survival.

*But how can I live? When I'm the person that caused all this? When I have to live bearing this guilt?*

But, he wanted to live anyway.

He looked at Lilly, he saw her wonderful eyes.

*Ah, I see.*

He didn't realize it until now, but Lilly had saved him.

Meeting someone amazing like Lilly, a person he could respect from the bottom of his heart, made being kept as magical girl's bearable. It was fun.

He was glad to have regained the feelings he had lost. He wanted to keep them forever.

So...

*I want to live. I don't care whatever hell I go through, I want to live as long as you're there.*

He held his left shoulder where his arm used to be and looked forward.

Part 3

And then...

## Their eyes met.

“.....”  
.....  
.....”

Takeya’s conviction was shattered. The will to live he summoned from within himself mere moments ago vanished into thin air.

“What are you doing, Takeya? Let’s go!”

Lilly shouted back at him from the door, but Takeya stood motionless, unable to speak.

“Takeya? Takeya! What’s wrong?!”

“How inconvenient. A magical girl is coming.”

Leila started shouting.

“We cannot allow a magical girl to enter. Close the doors!”

“N-no! What about Takeya?!”

“He’s just standing there. There’s nothing we can do for him.”

Leila said that then shoved Lilly through the door.

“Takeya! Takeya! What are you doing?! Hurry up and come here! Agh! We’re supposed to go together! Live together! Hey! Heeey! HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!”

“Please give up.”

“TAKEYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-“

Lilly’s voice was cut off.

The door to the student council room disappeared.

Takeya could no longer escape into the student council room, but that no longer mattered to him.



He slowly walked through the corpse-ridden hall. He took no notice of the hellish scene surrounding him, focusing instead on only one point.

*squelch, squelch*

He could hear the sound of his feet treading through puddles of blood. He continued walking.

His head was completely clear of any thoughts about the girl he had adored until just a moment ago.

Takeya had only one thing in his eyes, a body up ahead, left dangling in the air.

It was among an assortment of torsos, stuck together like a bunch of grapes. They were intricately stuck to the ceiling with ice, almost like a work of art, a stalactite of horror.

That said, this 'piece' probably wasn't made with the intention to send any kind of message, or to make an example of the victims. Magical girls do this kind of thing for fun. That's just the type of creatures they are.

"A-"

Takeya touched the stalactite. It felt like it could freeze his hand in seconds, but he didn't mind that much.

"A-Ahh..."

Their eyes met. No, more accurately, their eyes hadn't strayed since the moment they made eye contact before the door closed.

### **Takeya's eyes and the lifeless eyes of Reika-san.**

His until then unbreakable gaze was finally averted as he looked down.

Reika... Reika-san's body was gone from the chest down. Her heart stuck out from her exposed body, and her entrails hung down. Her tongue stuck out from inside her mouth and her eyes were cut open.

She was, without a doubt, dead.

The woman special to him was dead. Just another body in the pile. She had received no special treatment. No warning. No drama. No attempt at preserving

her beauty. No last words.

She had died without Takeya being able to do anything, without him not even knowing.

Dead.

Dead.

“I...”

Everything was for Reika. This hellscene was created to save her.

How horrible.

Takeya had never imagined Reika herself would become embroiled in that hell. He knew it was a possibility, but he had never pictured it in his head. He was just happy that he had prevented her being sacrificed for the time being.

*What a stupid idea.*

“WHY???”

Reika was Takeya’s everything. Reika was what made Takeya who he was. He thought that every drop of blood he spilled was hers, every single cell of his body loyal to her.

He loved her, without a doubt.

It was the day before Takeya was taken to Sorakara Farm.

Usakoro had told Takeya and the rest of the students they would be given one more day before they were taken.

Takeya held a wonderful white flower in his hand. Before the Human Yield, they would have been abundant, but now they are a precious luxury. In addition, his pocket contained a silver ring that he made himself.

He entered Reika’s room, a room that seemed home to a very secluded woman. There, he greeted her as she sat on a chair in front of a make-up drawer. He was even more nervous than the time he had faced a magical girl.

His heart felt like it was about to explode.

Reika was wearing a white one-piece dress that day as well. She looked at the

white flower Takeya held in his hand, stopped combing her hair and stared at him.

He was determined. He spoke the words he had rehearsed a thousand times in his head.

“D-do you wanna get married?”

Her eyes were wide open. Her pupils were almost transparent, like glass. Takeya saw his own reflection in her eyes, helping him clam down to his usual state.

“Haha...”

Reika put her hand up to her mouth and let out a dignified laugh.

“How odd of you to say that. We’re already family, even if we don’t get married.”

Reika continued, gently and lovingly stroking the flower Takeya had given her.

“You’re already the most important person to me.”

Reika stood up and started walking towards Takeya.

She started slowly undoing the buttons on his shirt.

“Takeya, we don’t need to get married.”

She put her fingers under his shirt, on his chest. Her fingers were cold to the point of eeriness.

She gently touched Takeya’s chest. He was unsure whether she would touch the burn mark over his heart. The mark he received when he first came to this mansion, the mark of The Family. The mark resembled an abstract representation of light.

“I’m already giving you everything I can.”

Reika licked the mark with her blood-red tongue. She giggled as he instinctively gasped.

Takeya’s face went red as he took a silver ring out of his pocket. Reika gave an exaggerated face of surprise and laughed.

“Thank you.”

Takeya went down on one knee and put the ring on Reika’s left ring finger, thin and white. Even during this, Reika was letting out little laughs.

Her eyes closed slightly as if she was happy and she stared at the ring. She stared as if she would never get tired of it.



Takeya had no idea how this would turn out, whether she would accept his proposal or reject him.

She says she's his family, but does that mean she's his wife? Has their relationship changed? Or is there no need for it to change?

Either way, Takeya was already certain of his future. He was already dedicated, but he decided to renew his dedication.

He had dedicated his life to Ijuuin Reika.

#### Part 4

Takeya recalled events from even further before, from when they first met.

It was seven years ago.

Ten year old Takeya fled his home for Sorakara City with his mother and father, as the area they had lived in was home to particularly evil magical girls. His sisters, one older and one younger, had already died before they moved.

His parents had chosen Sorakara City because distant relatives of theirs lived there, and they had heard rumours that the city's magical girls were quite nice, relatively speaking.

However, they were unable to locate their relatives, and the rumours about the nice magical girls were just that, rumours. In truth, magical girls are horrible and cruel no matter where they are.

Takeya was crying in front of his collapsed parents, who were covered in wounds. A group of magical girls had appeared and attacked them.

It was an attack devoid of any real meaning, as if the magical girls were just kicking around a can of juice that had been left on the street. They trampled over his parents like it had simply been a game to them.

Takeya did nothing. His reason for doing so was laughable. One of them wasn't attacking him, saying things like "poor little thing". Have they no imagination?

At any rate, experiencing something like this, and living life in this crapsack

world without his parents was bound to be dreadful.

The magical girls finished playing with his parents and wandered off with the same kind of casual demeanour one would expect from a group of young girls that were off to see a movie.

His father was dead, his legs gone and his ribs sticking out through his chest.

“Ah... Agh...”

However, his mother was still alive.

All her bones were broken, and she looked like a marionette held by a skill-less puppeteer. Her face was smooth and flat, the skin having been shaved off like slices of salami. Most of her hair had been ripped out. Yet, she was still alive, emitting a scream filled with contempt for this world.

There are no longer any doctors in this world. She was beyond saving. As good as dead.

Losing her mind, she clung to Takeya and started to beg to him.

“Kill me.”

She pleaded with her last bits of energy.

“Kill me! I’m suffering! Kill meeeeeeeee! Please! Pleeeeeeeease.”

“No! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

Takeya refused with all his might. Even at that young age, little Takeya was fully aware that his mother was unsaveable but that doesn’t mean he could finish her off himself.

There’s no way he could kill the mother who had up just a few moments ago been holding his hand. There was no way he could bear that cross.

Also, he still desperately wanted her to survive somehow. If she died, he would be all alone in this world. He couldn’t bear that either. It would be equivalent to suicide. She was effectively asking him to kill himself.

“Stop messing around! Kill me! Do it fast! Please! Wring my neck! Stab me! Suffocate me! Help me ! Kill me! Please!”

*bang*

A gunshot.

A hole appeared in her head.

She died immediately, just as she had wished.

Takeya raised his head. To his surprise, he saw a young girl not much older than him pointing a gun at his dead mother.

She was wearing a snow-white dress, completely out of place for this world. He remembers thinking she looked like a ghost.

It was Reika. The first time he ever saw her was when she killed his mother.

Takeya was happy he didn't have to choose whether to kill his mother or not anymore, but he still couldn't help but condemn Reika. He started screaming and crying, unable to handle the life of utter loneliness he now faced, shouting at Reika for killing his mother.

Reika, looking utterly dejected, told Takeya why she did it.

"She looked like she was doomed. It was for dignity's sake."

Reika pointed her gun at Takeya.

"What are you going to do now?"

Takeya stopped crying. He had finally realized that this girl was his saviour.

Takeya answered without a moment's hesitation.

"I want to die."

He wanted to be euthanized. There's no way a kid like him could survive in a gang-infested area he's unfamiliar with.

"Why do you want to die?"

"B-Because... I'm alone now..."

"Oh?"

Reika chambered the next cartridge.

"I'll go with you then."

She handed him the gun and put his finger on the trigger.



She then opened her mouth wide, putting it over the barrel.

“Pull it.”

“Huh...?”

There’s no way he could do it. He couldn’t understand why a girl he just met would be doing something like this.

They stayed still like that for a while, not moving a muscle. Takeya’s hands ended up wet as Reika drooled all over the gun.

Eventually, she took her mouth away from the gun.

“Why won’t you pull the trigger?”

Reika tilted her head and gave Takeya a look of absolute bewilderment.

“I-I don’t even know you!”

“Didn’t I say I’ll go with you? You’re not alone anymore. I’ve decided that. So if you die, I’ll die too.”

“W-Why?! Why would you even?! I only just met you...”

“It doesn’t matter if we just met, we’re going to live together now. If you won’t kill me, I won’t kill you. What do you think? Are you okay with that?”

Takeya couldn’t nod his head for yes, nor could he shake his head for no.

“Then live with me for a while. Is it okay if I use your life?”

Takeya didn’t understand what was going on very well. All he really knew is that it would be better than being alone. He gave her a light nod.

“Sorry. I can’t protect you. I’m a child. Weak, brittle, and fast to give up. But, remember this...”

Reika pointed her gun to her own head.

“I’ll die with you anytime.”

He finally started believing her. She was serious.

At that point, Takeya felt new blood rushing through him. When Reika hugged him, he felt like he melted and was being pulled into her body. He couldn’t hear anything except her heartbeat.

She hugged Takeya, who was almost choking on his own tears, and said to him with an almost saintly smile...

“It’s all okay now. I’ll never leave you. Ever.”

Ever.

But now she was dead. She said they would live together, that she would never leave him, but that is exactly what had happened.

He could no longer dedicate his life to her. He couldn’t even see his reflection in her eyes anymore. They were transparent and lifeless, like they were made of glass.

“.....”

Reika’s arm fell down and landed nearby. There’s no way he would mistake the arm he had been seeing every day since he came to Sorakara Farm.

On the arm’s ring finger was the silver ring Takeya had made for her. It was a clumsily-made, unrefined ring, a ring unbefitting of Reika.

He gently removed it from her finger.

His fist tightened as he put the ring in his palm.

He didn’t scream. He didn’t cry. His mind was refusing to accept any of this was real, refusing to process that his everything was gone.

Takeya understood only one thing. He had returned, returned to a world before he met Reika. A world dominated by magical girls, a world without hope.

“Hey, you done?”

Part 5

Takeya heard an unfamiliar, pubescent voice.

He raised his head to see a young girl in fluttery attire coloured a deep-ocean blue.

She had healthy looking skin and a child-like body. Her similarly ultramarine hair was in a ponytail, and her posture was proud and defiant—perhaps even arrogant.

A single look was enough. She's a magical girl.

"Riiight, I guess I'll introduce myself. Be honoured. I'm Ice Madeleine, the ice magic magical girl."

She was standing in the corridor, still rife with the stench of blood, giving the peace sign with both hands.

The happy, innocent smile seemed to fit Ice Madeleine, who looked about 13, though her smile was also clearly misleading.

Something about her—maybe her clothes, or maybe even everything about her—was an ill fit for this corpse-ridden hall.

"You're pretty interesting, actually, completely blanking me like that when I'm right beside you. But I don't really get what you're doing. Are you like a ring thief or something? But why would you take that one? I saw it as well, but it's pretty crappy."

Takeya said nothing.

"Huh? You're ignoring me?! Say something! ...Actually, never mind, I'm gonna kill you anyway."

Having a magical girl in front of him like that meant Takeya was effectively already dead.

But he felt no fear. Much as Reika had filled him with emotion, any emotions he once owned escaped through the hole in his heart created by her death.

"Y-you d... did this?"

Takeya asked automatically. His difficulty speaking was not because he was trembling. He had forgotten how to speak when he saw Reika's body.

"Wh... why... such horrible things... not just eating... these horrible things..."

"Horrible things? You mean this?"

The magical girl looked at the mountain of bodies, a pile of flesh blobs frozen in ice, and tilted her head.

"Eh? No real reason. Do I need one?"

She wasn't playing dumb. She was serious.

This was not done to make an example of the victims. It was not done to strike fear into the hearts of humans. It wasn't even pleasure. She just felt like it.

"Did White Noisette tell you to do this?"

Takeya finally regained his ability to speak properly, but he was still far from composed. The fear and anger that should be welling up inside him was still completely dull.

"Did White Noisette order you to do this?"

"Huh? The hell you on about?"

Ice Madeleine spoke...

**"White Noisette is our enemy."**

A shocking truth.

"She's the worst traitor we've have ever had. Why the hell would I be her ally? Ridiculous! She's a nutcase. She sided with you humans and started trying to kill magical girls even though she is one. The lowest of the low."

"...What?"

"What do you mean 'what'? I just finished explaining it to you, you were talking garbage."

She was clearly irritated, and began tapping her foot impatiently.

"We came to kill her, actually. We've been dying for a chance, but the 21 Confectionaries stopped us from getting too close. Strength-wise she's a top-class magical girl. She's been cooping herself up here with all of you, but she got for really weak for some reason recently, so we were able to get in."

On that note, the colour of the sky has changed. No doubt the result of the 21 Confectionaries being weakened and the invasion of the other magical girls.

*White Noisette is an enemy of magical girls? An ally of humans?*

Takeya couldn't understand. What Ice Madeleine was saying went against everything he knew up to this point.

He was fighting White Noisette. He was rallying all of the students against her.

That was his plan. They would become humans again. They would escape from the humiliation of being kept as cattle.

And now the magical girl in front of him was telling him the exact opposite.

“We’re talking about White Noisette, so she probably got lazy about eating humans, right? She’ll lose most of her magic if she doesn’t eat one soul a week. Has she stopped eating humans altogether? Usually that’d be unimaginable, but she’s crazy enough that she might actually do it.”

Once a week.

That’s how often White Noisette chooses sacrifices.

*Choosing sacrifices wasn’t to make us feel controlled? This was the absolute minimum necessary to protect us from other magical girls?*

No one other than Takeya himself had claimed it could be said that they live in a stable environment, that they go without being attacked by other magical girls thanks to being kept by White Noisette.

Usakoro said it as well.

“Stop! If you do that! Everyone will be killed!”

“Noir won’t betray you!”

What if it’s all true?

What if White Noisette really was protecting everyone?

Then...

“I...”

## Caused this catastrophe.

“Oh? You seem depressed? ....Aha! No way! Could it be you didn’t know White Noisette was on your side? That you’re the ones that made it possible for us to get in? Ehhhh? What’s with that face? Did I get it right? Oh god, this is amazing! What a complete idiot! She tried to save you shitstains and you stabbed her right in the back! Ahahaha!”

She was laughing so hard she was holding her stomach.

“Oh, that was hilarious. Anyway...”

Ice Madeleine’s happy face vanished in an instant and she pointed at Takeya.

“Time to die, human. You’re stinking the place up.”

He could feel the magical energy building up in her palm. Takeya will die as soon as she releases it.

But...

“Ice Madeleine!”

She stopped charging her magic when she heard someone shouting her name. A magical girl dressed in yellow came jumping down the stairs Takeya had come from, desperately struggling to keep her breath.

“What’s wrong, Cord Anglaise? You look like such a dumbass running around like that.”

“W-we need to go! Withdraw!”

“Withdraw? What? You’re talking nonsense.”

Two people came bandying down the stairs while Ice Madeleine furrowed her eyebrows. Cord Anglaise closed her lips tightly when she saw them.

Takeya recognized the first as Reki. The second was a student council member whose face Takeya could barely recognize.

“It’s them! There’s something weird going on!”

Cord Anglaise put her hands out in front of her towards them.

“Honey and Hunt!”

Sparkling light came pouring from her fingertips. Upon closer examination, something was stretching out of fingers. Golden threads, thin like piano wire.

They flew towards Reki and his companion, moving as if they were alive.

“Ah! S-shi-ggf”

The companion student council member’s head was neatly split into three parts. It soon became apparent that not only their head but their entire body had been sliced up like they had been strewn through an egg slicer.

For whatever reason, Reki simply stared intently at the mesmerizing threads as they slithered like snakes. Then, within an instant, he closed distance on Cord Anglaise and charged her.

“N-No!”

He swung his katana at a speed imperceptible to the human eye. Cord Anglaise’s head was neatly sliced and separated between her nose and upper lip. However, he did not stop there. Taking advantage of the momentum from his previous swing, he spun a full circle to land a second hit, slicing her in half at the chest as well.

“That looked like it hurt. It will take you a long time to recover from such a grievous injury.”

Humans cannot kill magical girls. They can recover from any magicless attack no matter how much punishment they take.

“Anglaise?”

But this time, something was different.

Cord Anglaise was not recovering.

On the contrary, the halves of her body were rapidly aging, crumpling and drying up like some kind of mummy. And like that, she disintegrated into sand and disappeared.

“Huh?”

Ice Madeleine stared at her friend caught in the grip of death, eyes wide open.

## Part 6

Reki cared naught for her confusion and wasted no time in charging at her, katana at the ready.

Ice Madeleine was still dumbfounded, but not as far as forgetting how to deal with a sword lunging at her.

Within an instant she had conjured an ice blade and deflected his attack, though just barely. She was able to use her physical prowess to kick off the ground, flying away from Reki, but she was unable to fully suppress her distress as she built up space between her and her attacker.

“T-The hell are you? H-How can you kill a magical girl?! Could it be... You’re a magical girl?”

Reki was no longer wearing a joyful expression. He had returned to his usual, expressionless face.

“That is not the case. I am exactly as my appearance would suggest. A human male.”

“Then how are you so strong?!”

“White Noisette’s magic. There’s no way you could have forgotten about “Raise the Marshmallows”?”

“Raise the Marshmallows... The one that strengthens magical girls within the bounds of her 21 Confectionaries by giving them a part of her own magical power, ri-Wait... No way, it can strengthen humans as well?!”

“Exactly.”

Reki continued speaking, the tip of his katana still pointed at Ice Madeleine.

“White Noisette has transformed and activated Raise the Marshmallows. The students that were in Sorakara Farm now have her magic flowing through them.”



When Reki said that, Takeya noticed for the first time what had been happening to his left arm. The wound had begun to close up, and the bleeding had stopped. It was as if he had the power of regeneration, though not quite with the same potency one would expect from an actual magical girl.

“The students have been undertaking ‘lessons’ and honing their combat skills for a year.”

Those tough but utterly useless lessons. They were indeed like drills, but Takeya had never imagined that White Noisette put them in place to train them. He thought they were just there to torment the students.

Such an assumption was only natural. After all, every magical girl treats humans in one, singular way; the way Ice Madeleine does.

“And she decided to do that... why?”

**“To create soldiers, magical-girls slaying soldiers.”**

For some reason, Reki elegantly performed an about-face and swung his katana immediately after he finished his sentence.

*Ka-ching.*

A mysterious sound resonated throughout the room.

The nature of the sound soon became apparent. Two transparent blades had been shot at Reki. The blades, summarily deflected, fell to the floor and disappeared into nothingness.

“...Hpmh.”

There was another magical girl, dressed in what seemed to be armour, standing with her hands stretched out towards Reki. He immediately started charging her.

He ran up the wall, as if ignoring the very concept of gravity itself, and kicked himself off the ceiling, leaping at her.

The armoured magical girl found herself unable to fully keep track of such unexpected movements.

Reki had propelled himself into a flying forward somersault and used that

momentum to slam his sword downwards.

The armoured magical girl still had her arms low and was unable to prepare for Reki's attack.

*Clang*

Yet somehow, she was still able to defend against it.

Reki's katana had stopped so close to her face that it was impossible to tell whether or not the blow had connected.

What had stopped his attack was another transparent blade held by the armoured magical girl's mouth.

For a magical girl, whose entire body is seven times stronger than that of a human, even the jaw alone is strong enough to thwart a human attack.

But Reki did not falter at all, stabbing upwards diagonally as soon as he landed. The attacks were chained together at a blinding speed, yet the armoured magical girl had conjured up two more swords, blocking his attacks as she held the swords in a crossed pattern.

"Who are you? I am not aware of a magical girl that can counter these kind of movements."

"You shouldn't assume all magical girls are on the same level."

While still parrying Reki, the armoured magical girl turned and said in a calm tone: "Get out while you can, Madeleine."

The armoured magical girl started pulling back little by little each time she parried a strike of Reki's ongoing onslaught. She probably thought Ice Madeleine's chances against Reki were slim.

"Hell no! Running away from humans? I'd rather die!"

"You really will die. Cord Anglaise isn't the only person that has died. If we don't fall back and regroup, we'll lose even more."

"No, no! NO!"

"Madeleine, listen! It's a direct order from Red Sahne!"

Ice Madeleine scrunched her lips up as soon as she heard that name, like she

was throwing a tantrum.

“Oh... Ugh...”

She seemed to absolutely hate it. Her face went red and she started crying. For Ice Madeleine, the idea of not being able to do anything she wishes to humans was unimaginable.

“So we need to run? That’s too humiliating! I don’t want to! Like a human! Like a filthy fucking human!”

Ice Madeleine tightened her fists, bearing the shame. She had no choice but to accept it.

She gritted her teeth, wiped her tears and turned her back on her battle with Reki. She started walking away, completely ignoring Takeya as she went past him, as if the lowly humans around her weren’t even there.

*She’s ignoring me?*

Her sight never glanced over Takeya for even a second. She considered a complete non-threat.

She had taken away everything important to him, yet, she didn’t give him a single thought.

*Even though it hurts her damn pride so much she’s in tears...*

Takeya felt such an overwhelming urge to kill course through his body that he felt as if pure animosity was leaking out of his pores. It effortlessly blocked out any sense of reason in his mind as his body went on auto-pilot.

He swung his sword down at Ice Madeline’s head.

It... didn’t reach.

She had blocked it with a newly conjured ice sword with her back still turned.

“The hell do you think you’re doing? So annoying.”

“Ice Madeleine, you must be the one who killed Reika, no?”

“Hmm?”

Ice Madeline brushed Takeya’s sword off to the side. Her face soured and she

glanced at the ice encased bodies.

“This ‘Reika’, she’s in that ugly pile?”

Such a tone did nothing but make Takeya want to kill her even more. He gave her a death glare.

Ice Madeleine saw his glare and responded with a cruel and cold laugh as she extended her hand towards the bodies.

*Krchh krchh krchh*

As she did that, pillars of ice started shooting up from the ground from near her feet. They started heading away from her, getting larger and larger as they went, heading right towards the bodies.

The pillars went right through the students’ corpses, impaling and destroying them, Reika’s body included.

“I don’t quiiiite remember whether I killed her or not, but I guess I can twist the knife for now anyway.”

Takeya gave in to his rage and furiously swung his bastard sword at Ice Madeleine.

But his attack was overloaded with emotion and lacked any finesse. She effortlessly repelled it with the back of her hand.

Takeya lost his composure, not expecting Ice Madeleine to deflect his attack so easily. Ice Madeleine grabbed his face, having no intention of leaving his mistake unpunished.

“Ga... ahh!!”

His face was burning! Or so he thought momentarily. In actuality, his face was frozen. He immediately swung his bastard sword once again and forced her back.

“Look at this one-armed amateur flailing about. There’s no way you can possibly fight me. Killing a magical girl requires destroying their heart, even if the attacker is also a magical girl. You’re definitely the same now after being infused with magic, but even with Raise the Marshmallows on, it seems like humans can only double their strength. And that’s before we work in your

amputation. And you still seriously think you can take me? Reckless. Stupid.”

She’s not incorrect.

“Yeah, pretty much. If you get down on your knees and apologize, lick my feet, get naked and do a little dance—I’ll let you go.”

Though in reality, Takeya had absolutely no intention of ever letting her live.

“Your eyes make me sick. They lack awareness. Awareness that you are an ant we can crush with a single finger. I’m in a really shitty mood now. The kind of mood where I won’t be satisfied until I rip you apart to the point no one can tell what part of you is which anymore or something.”

“I’m glad that’s good enough to satisfy you.”

“Huh?”

“Even if I ripped your organs apart thread by thread and cut you into mince I would be nowhere near satisfied.”

Takeya pointed the tip of his sword at Ice Madeleine.

“You magical girls cannot be allowed to exist.”

For a single moment her face was serious.

“Well then...”

Her eyes flew open with rage.

“Bring it, human!”

Part 7

She extended her hands towards Takeya.

“Ever-stretching Ice Cream.”

Icicles like the ones that were pierced in the corpses he found earlier rushed straight at Takeya. The icy spikes grew almost as tall as his total height.

He dodged sideways to avoid them, slightly upsetting his balance in the process.

“Ho ho! Take that!”

Naturally, the attack did not stop there. Another came right after. He dodged it, only to be greeted with the next closing in.

The onslaught repeated five times until the narrow corridor was filled with icicles. Takeya found himself boxed up against the wall, no longer able to dodge sideways.

“Hey~ Nowhere to run now, huh?”

Ice Madeleine showed Takeya an icy sneer and raised her hand.

“Ever-stretching Ice Cream.”

Takeya realized something.

Ever-stretching Ice Cream’s range seemed to be about 20 metres, and the icicles increase exponentially in size the further they get away from Ice Madeleine.

In other words, the icicles right next to Ice Madeline are small.

There lies Takeya’s chance. He can jump over the icicles before they reach him!

“Aaaaaaaaaa!”

Takeya ran forward and jumped with all his might. The icicles were too tall for human legs to jump over, but at present, Takeya had the strength of two humans.

Takeya barely dodged the icicles and charged straight at Ice Madeleine.

“How...”

Ice Madeleine was shocked...

“...predictable!”

or at least so she pretended as she floated a coarse smile.

“Escaping into the air? I knew exactly what you were going to try! Ice Cream of Infinite Entanglement!”

A clump of cold masses came flying at him. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven frozen bullets. There was no way for Takeya to avoid them mid-air.

“Ugh!”

Takeya quickly thrust his sword into the ceiling, changing the trajectory of his jump.

“What?!”

Ice Madeleine was not expecting a move like that in the least.

Her shots hit Takeya’s now-abandoned sword, covering it in ice instantly.

Takeya took a quick glance back at his sword as fell then somehow managed to reorient himself in the air.

If he messed up his landing, he would be impaled on the icicles and killed. On the off chance he somehow survived being impaled, Ice Madeleine would have just finished him off anyway.

“Uwooooooooooh!”

Takeya stretched his legs out as much as he could as his feet hit the blunt side of an icicle. If he were to successfully turn his legs and soften the blow, he would be in a position to kick himself off the icicles and flying straight towards Ice Madeleine for another attack.

“Ch...”

Ice Madeleine tutted at him and fired Ice Cream of Infinite Entanglement at him again.

They came flying right at Takeya’s head. Unable to dodge he was able only to attempt to put his right hand in front of face to try and block it.

“Aaa-!”

The projectiles landed on his fingers, which were immediately covered with ice, leaving them frozen stiff and utterly immobile.

“Ahaha! How are going to attack me with no working hands? Hey, you know what, you can’t stab my heart if you don’t have a sword anyway.”

An ice sword appeared in her right hand.

“Die!”

He couldn't do any fancy manoeuvres anymore. He couldn't escape. However, his right hand should be enough to block any of her finishing moves.

But-

"W-what?!"

Ice Madeleine's sword went right through him, like he wasn't resisting at all!

She had pierced him firmly in the abdomen.

She had stopped moving, utterly dumbfounded by Takeya's inexplicable conduct.

Takeya's pierced body proceeded to... slide down the sword. Naturally, Ice Madeleine was still lifting his body through her sword as blood continued to drip.

He was getting ever closer to her.

Small icicles stabbed into his feet once he reached the ground and put weight on them. He was overflowing with blood, but he was far past the point of caring.

"Hhh..."

Ice Madeline's face twitched for the first time since she came here, perhaps in response to Takeya's insanity.

However, she immediately returned to her usual composed expression.

"Ha! You left your sword behind ages ago! There's nothing you ca-"

*plunge*

"Huh....?"

That sensation made Ice Madeleine's eyes fly open.

"Huh? Wha-? This stinging feeling? What the...?"

Ice Madeline slowly looked down.

No matter how much she strained her eyes, the result did not change. There was, without a doubt, something piercing her chest.





**Frozen and hardened, Takeya's right hand had run right through her**

"Hu... hhhh?"

Takeya's hand was frozen solid, fingers outstretched. The edges of those fingers were sharp, near blade-like. His hand was still flesh, yet, it bore great resemblance to the ice sword that Ice Madeleine was holding.

"G-gah!!"

She let out cries of pain.

But she did not bleed. After all, magical girls are no longer human.

"I can't believe... Seeing how I made my sword out of ice and turning your hand into weapon using the concept... "

That wasn't quite it. Takeya hadn't been thinking that thoroughly.

It was just pure desperation. His mind was focused on one thing only.

That thing? Killing magical girls.

He had been taken over by a burning desire to kill the magical before his eyes, no matter what.

The still-impaled Takeya formed a twisted smile as he coughed up blood.

**"Disappear, useless thing."**

The ice sword in Takeya's abdomen disappeared.

Ice Madeleine's arms dangled limp at her side. Her facial expressed resembled that of an innocent child, eyes wild open with bewilderment.

"I've been... by a *human*?"

Ice Madeleine's face began aging rapidly.

"No... No way... That can't... There's no way a human could kill me... Yeah. I get it... You're not human at all. You're something different entirely. The humiliation of being killed by a human... No! No! NOOOOOOOO! Y-you... can't be..."

Ice Madeleine laughed feebly, begging for some kind of solace as she turned

into a crumpled mummy.

Takeya spat blood that had been pooling in his mouth on her face.

**“I’m human.”**

The mummy's eyes flew open, full of utter despair.

She stared at her hands as they began to crumble away.

“I’m... not like this! I... don’t age! I’m special! A special life form! Different from humans, from those... pitiful beings! I’m a cute, beautiful magic girl, the object of everyone’s desires! There’s no way I’m on the same level as these maggots! This human can’t kill me! Please. Please! Transform... back to my wonderful ideal form!”

The red jewel in the ring on her finger began to turn black as it cracked apart.

“No...”

[illegible]

Ice Madeleine's death scream.

She turned into sand and disappeared.

The remnants of her magic throughout the area also started disappearing.

Takeya watched and made sure it was really disappearing but soon became unable to stand, collapsing on the spot. The blood gushing from the gaping hole in his abdomen began spreading all throughout the corridor.

*I'm dead, aren't I? ...No, surprisingly enough, this might be nothing to worry about. I'm starting to heal up.*

Takeya unconsciously smiled bitterly.

*I was almost killed by a magical girl, now I'm being saved by one.*

## Part 8

And so, Sorakara Academy fell silent. No more explosions, no more screams. The magical girls had retreated, just as the armoured magical girl indicated.

In fact, it was too quiet. The silence was uncomfortable enough that Takeya could almost feel thorns stabbing into his eardrums.

He began to slip out of consciousness, not sure whether he was falling asleep or dying, able to hear only the sounds of his own frantic breathing.

Then...

*thump*

a faint sound, yet enough to bring Takeya back to his senses.

*That's right, I'm still...*

Still lying face down, Takeya turned his head sideways.

The bodies that were stuck to the ceiling had fallen down, the magic holding them there having disappeared. The sound Takeya just heard was the sound of the head of a boy he didn't know very well rolling by.

"Aah..."

Takeya started crawling like a slug towards the collection of remains, ignoring the pain the effort brought to his broken body. He reached the jumble of flesh and started rummaging through it with what little energy he had left, enduring the horrible sensation of the blood and entrails until he found it.

Reika's body.

He hugged her tightly. Her torso had been severed from the chest down, and her internal organs had fallen out, leaving behind a cold and extremely light body.

What now? How will she ever talk again, laugh again?

"Reika-san..."

Takeya reached into his pocket and took out his crude self-made ring.

"Had she accepted my offer of marriage?"

Takeya clenched his fist around the ring.

"She said she'd given me everything..."

He held her head close to his chest.

"But now there's nothing."

At that moment, a miracle occurred. The silver ring started shining. The

affection Takeya had poured into the ring became a kind of revivification magic. Even normal rings have magic coursing through them. Reika was revived by the power of love. She began to recover rapidly as her body regained its former beauty. She giggled and whispered into Takeya's ears.

"Let's get married. A quiet little ceremony, just the two of us."

Her face was playful, teasing him.

This is the true nature of magic, the power of love that lies within every person.

*That would have been... wonderful.*

Of course, this world had no space for such miracles.

*thud*

Wondering what the sound was, he realized it was more of Reika's organs dropping out onto the floor.

"Ah..."

Finally, it finally sunk in.

"Aaaah...."

Reika is dead. Reika is no more. There will be no miracle. This world is ruled by despair.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuhhh..."

Tears started streaming down his cheeks, and he was soon unable to hold them back. He was overtaken by a mixture of sadness and anger.

*This can't be happening! This can't be happening!!*

He hugged her as tight as he could.

He heard another thump as something fell from inside her body cavity.

It was her heart.

*I'll die. I'll die and go to where Reika is. But...*

Takeya continued crying as he clenched his teeth and laughed.

*First I'm taking this whole damn world down with me!*

"It seems you survived."

Takeya raised his head to see the student council president, Onizaki Reki. Reki's clothes were a mess, but he was otherwise free of any kind of wound, a sharp contrast to Takeya's many injuries.

"You-"

Takeya spoke, still holding Reika's body in his arms.

"What did you want out of all of this?"

"Heh."

Reki answered without straying from his usual expression.

"I am not entirely sure myself."

Reki began explaining himself to the stunned Takeya.

"It is hard for me to put into words. I am merely a servant of the universe, following its dictums."

"Are you insane?"

Takeya blurted out exactly what he thought.

"Perhaps. But at the least, I know exactly what I have started."

Reki answered him.

**"A war with the magical girls."**

And thus began the struggle of the students who had gained the single ability capable of killing magical girls. A hopeless one sided battle in which they had already lost just over half of their number, even when their enemy was completely off-guard and ill prepared. They now stand at 278 students.

But there was no turning back now.

For better or for worse, Takeya and the students have emerged from their cage within a cage within a cage. The monsters that had attacked would soon be back to finish their meal. That the once clear white sky had turned grey and cloudy was a testament to that.

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## The Fallen of Class 18

5 – Okonogi Hishou

10 – Kunagi Sumire

14 – Dozanryuu Tadayoshi

16 – Narukami Hikari

21 – Himezaki Yuzuki

25 – Yaida Shun

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# Episode End

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## ***EPISODE 1***

### **Episode End**

The birds sang away, a song full of joy at life itself.

Takeya saw images of a place he thought he would never return to; images of his hometown. Wonderful rows of evenly spaced yellow magnolia, their leaves visible far in the distance. The lake amidst it all, and the glistening blue light of the sun shining onto its surface.

It's not the kind of place that tourists flock to, but Takeya thought it was the most beautiful place on Earth. A special place where the plants, the fish, the occasional fox—and even himself—exist as equal life forms, none standing above the other.

*I should be on the floor in that corpse-ridden corridor... so why am I seeing all this?*

But this light, gentle air was unmistakeably from the hometown he remembered from his childhood.

Takeya felt something on his head, something hard yet flexible.

Someone's... thigh? He was definitely resting his head on someone's lap.

The scent of trees tickled his senses. The negativity that had been overflowing in his mind began slowly waning away.

The hands on his cheeks were the exact same temperate as his cheeks. It felt wonderful.

Sob... sob...

Muffled crying, but who?



Takeya opened his eyes.

Sniff... sniff... sniff...

He was greeted with a girl he didn't know.

Tears streamed down her face as Takeya lay on her lap. They fell down on Takeya's face and, continuing their descent, trickled down his cheeks.

It was like some kind of peaceful ritual.

"...I'm sorry."

There was no reason for her to apologize to him. The girl was free of any sin. Takeya could feel that. There was no way the faint light surrounding her could be so warming otherwise.

"My weakness caused you to lose the person closest to you. I know how painful it is to lose someone, but I couldn't stop it."

Her skin was almost transparent, like one's fingers might go right through her if they tried to touch her.

Her blue eyes resembled the lake of Takeya's hometown.

The girl stood up. Her legs looked thin and feeble as sticks, and that she might buckle under her own weight and fall over any time now.

At that moment, the silhouette of a familiar figure appeared and landed on her shoulder.

"It's no good, Noi. If you keep taking in everyone's feelings, your heart won't be able to handle it! It'll break!"

It's Usakoro.

The girl patted his head before responding to him.

"But I need to hold everyone's emotions. It's my duty."

"You can't do it for everyone! You'll disappear! Then there will be no hope at all! You can't hold back anymore!, eat someone!"

"Usakoro, I already told you. I can't eat people anymore. I can't."

"You're at your limit, you can't make it just using risk to strengthen your

magic anymore! Your body can't take it! Reki is stronger than you now! There's no point anymore!"

"It's... not that. I can't do it, and that's that."

"You'll disappear soon. Your body is withering away. You look like paper. You can't win against other magical girls like this."

The hazy-minded Takeya finally realized who she was.

It's no surprise it took him so long, seeing how her appearance is almost the exact opposite of how she is usually portrayed. It would be unthinkable that the demon who confined them here as food would look this. He had never heard so much as an inkling that a magical girl as warm and kind as this existed.

A magical girl as white as snow, a magical girl as delicate and frail as cotton candy.

**"...White Noisette."**

White Noisette slowly turned her head to face Takeya.

"Takeya-kun."

She spoke his name in a kind and affectionate tone.

"You."

She moved over to Takeya and squatted beside him.

"I think it's you. You're the one that can save this world."

She wiped Takeya's face clean of any tears that may have landed on him.

*Me... save the world?*

No way.

His drive had died along with Reika.

"You might not understand, but your special one is always by your side. She will never disappear as long as we remember her."

Unbelievable. Death is death. Death is nothingness. Death is hopelessness.

"I'm not just saying that to comfort you. It should be possible since I've shared my magic with you. The emotions of everyone here, and everyone that ever

was here, are all inside my chest. They're there as long as we don't forget them. You can come into my chest any time you want."

"That's..."

*...a lie.*

White Noisette touched his chest as he tried to say that.

"....."

It was something that could not be put into words. Something that could not be put into images. But **it was in there**. That alone was enough to move him.

"U... a..."

Tears started streaming down his face.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu..."

This.

The idea that something like this existed in his world was unthinkable.

"So don't despair."

White Noisette took her hand off of Takeya.

"Never lose sight of what's important to you."

And with that, Takeya lost consciousness.

If Takeya were to believe what White Noisette has shown him, then the future would change completely.

But there was no way Takeya, who had never known a kind world, could bring himself to accept it.

Consequently, it could be nothing more than part of the dreams of an unconscious man.